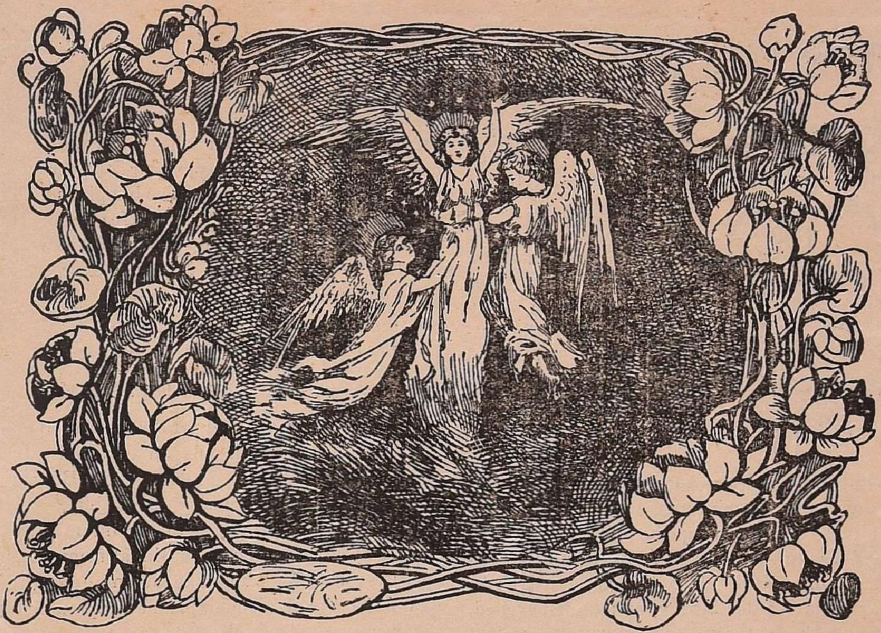

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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INNER LIFE.

Thoughts and feelings manifold
Wander through the heart untold;
Changing, changing, who may find them,
Who may fathom who may bind them?
Light and shade together lying,
Were they born for dying?

Seeking, striving, day by day,
Turning from its dreams away,
Lest their too-seducing beauty
Dull the aching sense of duty,
Melt the soul with their sweet sighing:
Thoughts like these—can these feel dying?

Yet through the weary march of life,
Battle field and lonely strife,
Shrinking even from a flower,
Lest it gain too deep a power;
Crushing many a human feeling,
Lest it fill the heart, concealing
The cold path before us lying,—
Inner life is daily dying.

Courage! onward to thy rest!
Grieve not, if within thy breast
Safer in thy silent keeping
Deep and tender thoughts be sleeping
Grieve not, for they yet shall waken
In the land whence they were taken;
In the eternal sunlight lying,
All too beautiful for dying.

Money Value and the Poetry of Life.

A PICTURE of a woman of olden times rises before me. The story of Mary the sinner as she broke the box of precious Alabaster ointment on her Saviour's feet in an agony of remorse and in the outpouring of love is invested with rare interest. It is a narrative, simply told in a few words, yet whose very charm lies in its unadorned simplicity. It was a sumptuous, Jewish feast; the elders of the land were gracefully reposing on the divans and enjoying the luxury provided. Christ was in the midst of them, misunderstood and unappreciated. Into this gathering broke in a woman, pale with weeping, dishevelled, stirred to the depths of her heart with the weight of her sin, but with the light of hope and love in her eyes, in expectation of her Saviour's pardon. She carried with her a box of precious ointment, perhaps the rarest thing she possessed; and going up to Jesus, broke the box and anointed His feet, and with her repentant tears washed them and dried them with the wealth of her hair. Surprise held the spectators speechless, but soon a voice was heard, "Of what use was this waste; it were better that it were sold and given to the poor." How often are we confronted with the same question, "Of what use is it?" To some, nothing is of good report unless "There is money in it." Of what use are the wealth of literature, poetry and art, the deep mines of philosophy, the delight of the beautiful in art and nature, as long as they are of no value to us; says the utilitarian. The poetry of life is entirely lost sight of in the fierce struggle after riches. In what does the poetry of life consist? To many it seems as if the rich must be happy, the rich with their well-appointed houses, their grand living, their social conquests,—these seem to us to suffice for happiness; but take Poverty in the fields, as it works in the sun, plunged knee deep among the golden corn, laughing in pure lightheartedness and singing for joy of life. There is the same blue sky over both, the same surroundings, and yet the environment of our own creation is how different! Does it conduce to increase happiness? But the truth lies in a nutshell. Whatever may be our outward surroundings, mind alone can make happiness. "The mind is in itself and can make a Heaven of Hell or Hell of Heaven" said Milton. A few days ago I came across the same thought expressed in some quaint lines:— Thus:

> "I sent my soul through the invisible,
> Some letter of that after life to spell,
> And by and by my soul returned to me,
> And whispered, 'I myself am heaven and hell'!"

It is true that money adds to our material comforts, but it is after all only an external thing, and we can, if possible, do without it. But there are many things that money cannot buy, which yet make up the happiness of our human lives. Nature around us offers a continual feast to the eyes; yet how few of us take advantage of this? Again, the joys of friendship, and companionship, the beauty of love, all these are ours without the environment of money, and yet we lightly brush them aside and leave them. Think of the rich young man that came to Christ, asking what he should do to obtain Salvation. Christ looked upon him and loved him, but detected at once the chief fault of his nature. "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor" said he, and "come and follow me." And the young man went away sorrowful. Wealth had laid its glamour on him and even at the Saviour's call, he could not make up his mind to leave it and go. In contrast to this is the picture conjured up in the following lines:—

> "My lover smiled, O friend ask not
> The journey's end, nor whence we are.
> That whistling boy who minds his goats
> So idly in the grey ravine,
> The brown-backed rower drenched with spray,
> The lemon seller in the street.
>
> . . . .
>
> Lo these are wiser than the wise,
> And not for all our questioning
> Shall we discover more than joy,
> Nor find a better thing than love!
> Let pass the banners and the spears,
> The hate, the battle and the greed;
> For greater than all gifts is peace,
> And strength is in the tranquil mind."

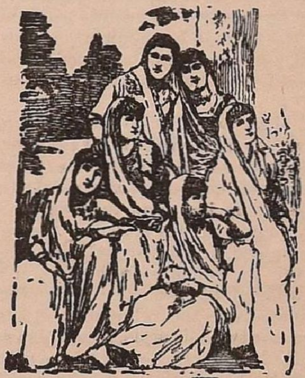
Yes, this, the understandable man with all his genius, cannot yet understand; he cannot see why it is that where love is, everything else fades away into the background under the very light.

As we read the present day novels, we get a glimpse into the life of fashionable men and women, as it were. And what do we see of men, who have given up the bread of life for stones, who have chosen husks and who are in eager and vain search after happiness, but who are only for ever longing, to whom in the midst of all their greatness, everything seems lifeless, hopeless, and all peace of mind is lost in wild longing. Here is the soliloquy of a woman, young, beautiful, high-minded and yet, taking her cue from the life around her, who sold herself to the highest millionaire of the land, giving up for the unprincipled man whose greatest recommendation was his riches, the honest and pure love of a strong man, and who years after gives us a glimpse into her state of mind.—"What about my brain and my heart? The one's a milliner shop," she cried, yielding to the impulse of self-revelation, "a milliner's shop crammed with the latest fashionable vagaries. The other—oh! the other!—a broker's sale-room, flaring with artificial light muddy with the footsteps of the appraising, haggling crowd—a place where everything that is best and purest and noblest in a woman's nature has been put up to auction, appraised at a money value, and sold to the highest bidder by the woman herself"—Ah! the pity and the horror of it; and the woman was her own executioner! With such a state of mind, how will wealth and riches or luxury help to raise the fallen ideal, restore the vanished peace of mind, and take away the taste of dead ashes. It is pitiable and horrible. Yet, there are many of us who for the sake of the money value of things, set aside that which is holy and inspiring, because it entails some self-sacrifice on our part, some trouble, some giving up of the luxuries and comforts, to which we are perhaps accustomed. We want courage and strength of mind—yet, once the battle is begun, the victory is glorious beyond all conceptions. The greatest benefactors of humanity have been dreamers and visionaries, and though men may condemn them, yet it is better to place before us high ideals, rather than serve lower gods. The victory, though it may not be tangible, lies in the struggle, in the breathing of pure air in a pure atmosphere; yet the victory will come at last in the finding of Him, not in the heat and glare of the day, not in the wild rushing of life, but in the still, small voice which will breathe holiness and peace into our lives.

Nothing higher can be said of a man than this:—

"He served not lower gods; with pure desire
And patient ardour seeking the most High;
And found Him in the mountains and the sky,
And in man's powers, and felt His Spirit like fire
Descend upon Him where he stood, none higher
On the great mount of vision. Stones to his eye
Were flaming jewels in God's high Sanctuary
And wayside flowers, angels in rapturous choir."

Some pictures from Tennyson.



A STRIKING scenery in nature, a masterpiece in painting, a beautiful countenance, these are things which must only be seen to be well appreciated. You do not produce half the true impression by describing them however skilfully. So it is with a poet, a real poet: to understand him thoroughly we must meet him face to face, enter into his feelings and thoughts, try to think as he thinks and imagine as he imagines, "sympathise" with him as Carlyle says. To stand by and look at him with a critical eye, to dissect him and find how much of the sublime or how much of the beautiful has entered into his poetry; to scrutinize his powers and tell him, that he ought to have written in a particular manner and that this thought of his is tame and that one exaggerated and a third a bit overdone—this sort of thing is hardly a pleasant task. The pulling into pieces and anatomising a poet in this way is just as loathsome as the result of a dissection produced by the surgeon's knife.

Criticism is all right in its way, if only conducted by those who are able to criticize. But it is not everyone who can criticize; whereas all may appreciate.

The greatest poet of his country and his time is Tennyson; nay, we may go further and comparing him with the other poets who have preceded him, Wordsworth or Byron or Shelly, still pronounce him to be exquisite. Those who went before him had been carrying everything to extremes. A Wordsworth had buried himself in metaphysics and morality; a Byron "making a medly of crime and heroism had conducted through darkness and flashes of lightning, a train of contorted and terrific figures desperate with remorse unrelieved by their grandeur"; others again had been dwelling too much on the human conditions and spent their lives in the sublime and monotonous; whereas Tennyson, avoiding all extremes, still appears splendid. The forms and ideas which had been both the strength and weakness of the poets preceding him are not wanting in Tennyson, but are found modulated, refined and purified:—"His poetry is like the lovely evenings in summer; the outlines of the landscape are then the same as in the daytime; but the splendour of the dazzling dome is shaded, the reinvigorated flowers lift themselves up, and the calm sun on the horizon harmoniously blends in a network of crimson rays the woods and meadows, which it first burned by its brightness."

What words shall we find to describe his poetry? Shall we say it is sweet? It is sweet, if indeed that word is adequate to express all the beauties of this charming dreamer. He seems to have made up his mind to delight us from beginning to end; he has seized all that is beautiful in nature and so exquisitely put them together, and given the whole a freshness and a sweetness surpassing all that we can expect even from a poet. Notice also the refinement of his thoughts and the purity of his style, so simple yet so appropriate. He has touched every theme with his magic wand. He has given us ideal men and women, he has described us 'fantastic' adventures of extinguished chivalry; he has sung us war songs and love songs; he has unfolded to us the beauties of nature and the charms of life; he has even soared above and introduced us to the realms of thought, and made us feel to what sublime heights even mortal man can rise. One is also struck with the calm and the peace of his thoughts; none of his writings display the raging rebellious thoughts of a Byron; it was only twice he attempted to wade in a stormy sea, but he soon came back to the calm waters. In "Locksley Hall" and "Maud" we notice a Byronic tone and the following quotation from the latter, displays the despair of a violent sensitive soul:—

"Dead, long dead,
Long dead!
And my heart is a handful of dust
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into a shallow grave they are thrust.
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat,
Beat into my scalp and my brain.
With never an end to the stream of passing feet.
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
Clamour and rumble, and ringing and clatter
O me! why have they not buried me deep enough?
Is it hard to have made one a grave so rough
Me, that was never a quite sleeper?
May be still I am but half dead;
Then I cannot be wholly dumb;
I will cry to the steps above my head,
And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper."

But this style is not congenial to our poet, he leaves the storm clouds and returns to the azure sky and sinks into his "golden languors." Let us have a look at some of his other pieces written in his usual calm reveries. Foremost among them stands his famous "Idylls of the King." The poet takes us back to the days of King Arthur, the 'prince of purity and noble deeds'? We move in the company of Ideal Knights, in the midst of their jousts and tournaments; we are brought face to face with lovely women and are made to admire their purity and their chastity and listen to their "high talk of noble needs." We hardly wish to return to civilization and refinement, after once being introduced into this strangely sweet primitive world. Ah! and what dazzling scenes are to be met with in this world. Here we are taken to a city of "shadowy stately palaces rich in emblems and the work of ancient kings,"—A city:—

"Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at Arthur's court,
Knowing all arts, had touch'd and everywhere
At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with lessening peak
And pinnacle, and had made it spire to heaven
And ever and anon, a knight would pass
Outward or onward to the hall: his arms
Clash'd: * * * * *
And out of tower and casement shyly glanced.
Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love;"

This is Camelot, Arthur's favourite city, where he founded that "fair Order of Table Round":—

"A glorious company, the flower of men
To serve as model for the mighty world
And be the fair beginning of a time,"

"the goodliest fellowship of famous knights" who swore to reverence the King as if he were their conscience and their conscience as their King:—

To ride abroad redressing human wrong
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it
To honour his own words as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity

To love one maiden only, cleave to her
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her * *
Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

We at first feel our unworthiness in moving in such a company; still we need such ideal lives put before us. Man can never be perfect in this world; but his perfection consists in striving after something ideally perfect, in having before him the worthiest and purest motives, a golden orb suspended before his mind's eye urging him on to virtue and renown. There is much in Tennyson, him which reminds us of Spencer, particularly so are the pictures of women which he so skilfully pourtrays. The only flaw in them is, that they are a little too sweet.

Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, who is so guilelessly innocent that, all unasked, she gives her love to one whom she deems:

"Noblest, when she lifted up her eyes,
However marred, of more than twice ten years,
Seamed with an ancient sword on cut the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed."

The petulant, high-spirited impetuous and withal generous-hearted Lynette;

A damsel of high lineage, and a brow,
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose,
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower;"

the meek-minded, faithful, patient, wise Enid who reminds us so much of our Indian Savitri; even the women who are not good,—the brilliant enchantress, Vivian, the inconstant fickle Etarre, the faithless wife, Iseult, and last but not least, the guilty Queen Guinevere;—all these character studies form a series of brilliant, beautiful pictures, which hold our enraptured attention spell-bound.

In the "Idylls of the King," our poet gives us more than a picture of extinguished chivalry; he shows us in King Arthur a type of a true noble king and man, who is bent upon doing something at least in this world, some noble work to benefit mankind and to make this world of ours purer, if possible, less corrupt. Does he succeed? No! Would not this earth of ours be a paradise, if only our ideal visions become true? Arthur's "fair Order" becomes soon corrupted. His own wife Guinevere is the 'first to fall. She sins with Launcelot and flees from the stainless king to hide herself in the holy house at Almesbury.' What a picture have we here,—the guilty Queen wrapt in her grief and shame, and lying helpless, struck with remorse. And what sad words fall from the lips of Arthur as he comes and sees his Guinevere!

"Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the king should greatly care to live
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life."

Then he points out to her, how her sin had blighted his life and his high ideals and yet his noble heart forgives her:—

Yet think not that I am come to urge thy crimes
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee lying there, thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd and I
Lo! I forgive thee as Eternal God forgives."

He loves her still, notwithstanding her sin, for he has loved none else:—

"Let no man dream, but that I love thee still
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ
Thereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God and thou
Wilt spring to me and claim me thine and know
I am thine husband, not a smaller soul
Nor Launcelot, nor another."

And thus he takes his last farewell of the Queen. The Passing of Arthur is beautifully told. Arthur, being mortally wounded in his struggle with Modred, knows that his mysterious end is drawing near. He is being taken away by the three "Queens with the golden crowns" and his only companion Sir Bedivere speaks to him:—

"Ah my lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes,
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight
Such times have not been since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world.
And I, the last, go forth companionless
And the days darken round me and the years
Among new men, strange faces, and other minds."

There are other pictures, delicately sweet and admirable. Our readers are familiar with the picture of the "May Queen,—"

"O! sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies
And sweeter is the young lark's voice to me that cannot rise
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow
And sweeter far is death than life to me, that long to go."

Just as familiar is the self-willed and headstrong, and yet loveable *Princess*, who tries

"To lift, the woman's fallen divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man,"

with her eloquent harangue.

"O! lift your natures up:
Embrace our aims: work out your freedom, girls,
Knowledge is no more a fountain sealed:
Drink deep until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble."

Charming are his pictures of fair women, representatives of different types.

" Shadowy, dreaming Adeline,"

" The faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair
With thy floating flaxen hair;
Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes";—

" rare pale Margaret,"

" What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight in a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail,
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower?
From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,
From all things outward you have won
A tearful grace as though you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun;"—

the " bright-eyed, wild-eyed falcon," Rosalind,

" My frolic falcon, with bright eyes,
Whose free delight, from any height of rapid flight,
Stoops at all game than wing the skies":—

" serene, imperial," Eleanore,

" How may full-sailed verse express,
How may measured words adore
The full-flowing harmony
Of thy swan-like stateliness,
The luxuriant symmetry,
Of thy floating gracefulness,
Every turn and glance of thine,
Every lineament divine
And the steady sunset glow,
That stays upon thee."—

" the gallant", Kate,

" I know her by her angry air,
Her bright black eyes, her bright black hair,
Her rapid laughters wild and shrill,
'Tis Kate—she sayeth what she will:
For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
Clear as the twanging of a harp.
Her heart is like a throbbing star.
Kate hath a spirit ever strong,
Like a new bow, and bright and sharp
As edges of the scymitar.
My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
As pure and true as blades of steel."

The sweet Miller's daughter, the passionate Fatima, the mournful Œnone, the proud, cruel Clara Vere De Vere, the meek, forgiving, patient, Dora, the light-footed, light-spirited Gardener's daughter—in the tales of their lives and loves, we seem to see ourselves and our friends over again.

And Maud, at first,

" Maud with her venturous climbings and troubles and childish escapes,
Maud, the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,
Maud, with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,
Maud, the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all;

then, Maud, with her " cold and clear-cut face,"

" Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had not been
For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose,
Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full,
Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose,
From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little touch of spleen";

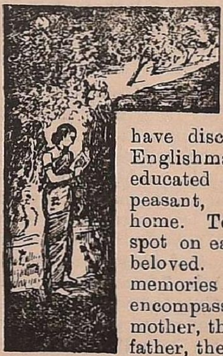
then Queen Maud, " so tender and true"

" My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart, my ownest own;
There is none like her, none,
Nor will be when our summers have deceased";
" She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart could hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust could hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

last of all, Maud:

" Not beautiful now, not even kind;
We may take her now; for she never speaks her mind,
But is ever the one thing silent here.
She is not of us, as I divine;
She comes from another stiller world of the dead
Stiller, not fairer than mine."

A Peep into an English Home



THE charm of the English home is proverbial. From the earliest times, poets and bards have sung about it and wise men have discoursed upon it. The Englishman, be he poor or rich, educated or ignorant, noble or peasant, passionately loves his home. To him it is the dearest spot on earth; it is sacred; it is beloved. It is hallowed by fond memories of childhood, the all-encompassing tender love of the mother, the protecting care of the father, the full companionship of brothers and sisters, the happy social life, the ideals and dreams of childhood and youth. It is to him a sacred shrine, which is kept veiled and holy, apart from the gaze of the public, a shrine in which the hand of faithful memory keeps the lamp of love always softly bright and radiant.

To us, the uninitiated, the question often arises, in what does the charm of the English

home consist? I have had a glimpse into many an English home, and it seemed to me, that the sweet charm lay in the strong ties of family affection, that bound the several members together and prompted each one to do his or her best for the sake of others. The law of mutual help, mutual sympathy, and mutual love is the ruling power of the home. This spirit of strong, enduring love seems to develop the best in human nature, prompting one to self-sacrifice, self-control and consideration for others; this forms the basis on which the character of the Englishman and Englishwoman is built. Again, it is this rosy atmosphere of love, which makes one feel that one is taken care of, sympathized with, petted and loved, and this feeling of tenderness given and returned remains a bright memory to which we turn again and again, long after the dear home has been broken up and its members have drifted into the world. As I write this, the picture of an English home rises before me, and I cannot help giving my readers a few details. Let us first take the environments. The founders of the home, the husband and wife are educated in the usual sense of the word. The marriage vows have been exchanged before the altar in the fear of God and in the strength of human love; and, when two such people, set up their home, it becomes a charmed spot, a haven of refuge and joy, a magic circle, where the evil spirits of the world may not enter. In this charmed atmosphere, the flowers bloom into softer beauty and sweeter fragrance; the music is full and unbroken, joyous and bright with no minor chords. The household life flows on smoothly, gaining a richer and a deeper meaning, as it goes on. Child-lives grow up in this tender atmosphere, blessing the home with their love and lovableness. Such is the happy atmosphere, and the surroundings? They are refined, beautiful and comfortable. True education teaches us to appreciate the beautiful in nature, in art, and in human conduct; refinement is the handmaid of beauty; the sense of having things comfortable is almost instinctive; and when refinement and beauty go hand-in-hand with comfort, the fittings of the home are perfect. The home abounds in beautiful things; pictures, furniture, books, and all necessary furnishings are chosen with taste and with an eye for comfort and elegance. Wherever the eye turns, it meets with something restful to look at, soft blending shades, or perhaps a curious and antique piece of workmanship, or perhaps it is inspired by some noble painting, or again, it is charmed by some delightful arrangement. Every room and corner of the house in its cosy homeliness shows the influence of the lady of the home. She is the guardian angel of the home, the being whose presence sheds light and love. She knows how to put a chair right, which will give it just that air of inviting you to come and rest. She hangs the picture in the best light and in appropriate places. Each room is brightened with some token of her presence, —the open piano with her favourite song lying open on it, a piece of delicate fancy work left hurriedly on the table near her favourite chair, as she suddenly obeyed some urgent household call, sweet fresh flowers in the room, which seem to smile at you and make you feel that they have been carefully tended and tenderly culled, —and other tokens show that the woman makes the home what it is, that it is her influence which binds all the members together, and it is in this sphere that she reigns supreme, queen o'er herself and o'er her kingdom.

Such are the external surroundings of the home; what is the internal life of every member? Before we go into details, a small description of the house would be appropriate. Usually each room in the house is set apart for some special purpose. There is the drawing room, which is used as a sitting room in which guests are received, and which usually is furnished with tasteful elegance; then there is the dining-room, in which the members of the family meet for meals and in which many a happy hour is spent. I seem to see again the long solid oak table, beautifully polished, the deep leather chairs, the side-board with its gleaming silver, the mantle-piece with its vases of flowers over the glowing fire, the soft rug on the hearth on which reposes the family pet, in fact the room has such an air of cosy comfort, that one settles down into it with a sigh of restfulness. Then there is the children's nursery, where the toys are kept and the children have their games, so that untidiness is kept out of the other rooms. The master of the house has his library, or room for work; this is a stately room—the rows of shelves with books, the writing table with its letters and papers, the deep comfortable chairs, the absence of all those little nothings with which ladies surround themselves, and above all, the scent of the aromatic weed that lingers in the air, proclaim it to be the master's room. The most sensible part of the arrangements of an English home is that if the house is large enough, each member has his or her own room. It is true that the ties of family affection are very strong, and yet one feels that one likes to retire into oneself for a little while every day. A little quiet time every day, when we can sit and think and feel that we can remain undisturbed, helps much towards performing the usual round of duties. George Herbert's quaint lines give wholesome counsel:—

"By all means use sometimes to be alone;
Salute thyself, see what thy soul doth wear.

Dare to look in thy closet,—for 'tis thine own ;—
And tumble up and down what thou findest there."

The home life of each member of the family is kept apart as it were from the business life. Each one has set himself some duty or task. The gentleman of the house is perhaps away the whole day on business. The lady of the house has a thousand and one little duties to perform. She orders her household, she looks after the children, she does some necessary needlework, she busies herself with her own music or drawing or other arts, for which she has some taste, she reads and thus manages to employ every minute of the day. She also takes an interest in the poor of the parish, perhaps visiting them and sending them little delicacies in the shape of flowers and dainties ; she is perhaps on some committee or other which carries her interest beyond the homeland. In this way her day is full. If we turn to the children of the house, they are sent to school for education of some kind or another, according to their inclinations: and if the elder girls stay at home, they help their mother in the housework, in the entertainment of guests and in the dispensing of hospitality, in helping the poor and the needy. These are some of the various occupations of the members of the family. After all, perhaps, the reader exclaims, this is quite ordinary, you would find such in every home, in some form or another. What is it then that marks the distinguishing peculiarity? It is an atmosphere of joyousness and brightness. Each member is happy and strives to give her brightness to others ; and then the pleasant relationships, the equality of positions between men and women, the sympathetic companionship, the affectionate greetings in the mornings, the hearty goodnights at parting when the evening closes, the zest and good-will with which each enters into the pursuits of the other, the kindly enquiries—all these show the warmth and tenderness of home. The vehicle of all this is speech, conversation, kind and loving. It is the popular idea to feel that at home we can throw off our company manners" as it is called. But "company manners" are not a garment to put on and put off. If there is sympathy and kindly consideration for the feelings of others, courtesy is the result, inasmuch as courtesy means the finding out of ways to help and be helpful in the kindest possible way. Refinement depends upon the nature of the person. If the mind is not refined, no amount of outside polish will pass muster. A refined mind will always be at home in the best society though it may be, entirely ignorant of all the formal rules of court etiquette. Courtesy in the home is a necessary thing. "Eat at your own table as you would at that of a king's, " said Confucius. Courtesy and tact are most necessary, the closer the relationship, said another writer. How sweet it is to see the husband tenderly solicitous after the wife's comforts, to see that she gets the most comfortable chair and to help her to get what she wishes for, to notice the eager happy way in which the children help their parents, to observe the kind way in which the servants are treated—and above all, how charmingly kind are the English people towards their guests. They are given the best of everything that the house can afford. Each member lays himself out in some way or other to afford pleasure to the guest. He is looked after, entertained, amused and petted, and it is all done in such a kind and natural manner, that he is soon made perfectly at home. To those who are far away from home this comes with peculiar force and is like summer sunshine.

Conversation is, I may say, cultivated to a high degree of excellence, not studied conversation, but, as one of my friends said, it is like standing on a field of battle. One intellect is pitted against the other and all the wealth of one's mind and imagination is given and received. The best words, the best tempers and the best dispositions are brought to the threshhold, and conversation is rich and inspiring. The table, when the family meets for meals is made the centre of the social life of the household. There all appear at their brightest and best. Gloom has vanished and conversation becomes sprightly and sparkling. Each one mentions his experiences of the day ; they are spoken of and discussed with interest, even the smallest member of the household is encouraged to converse and give his opinion. The events of the day, political, social and religious, are discussed perhaps by the older members of the family, and this affords food for thought to the younger members. And things are discussed in such a kindly and bright manner, and with such humour, that no clouds or storms arise, but all is as bright as burnished gold. Parents in their intercourse with children, the husband and wife in their conversations, the brothers and sisters in their companionship—all exhibit a tenderness and sympathy, which serves to bind them more closely together. There are no harsh tones of strife heard, no loud scolding of servants, and no continuous fault-finding. If there were such an atmosphere, child-lives would be ill-nurtured. "The blessed influence of loving speech, day after day and month after month, it is impossible to estimate ; it is like the falling of warm spring sunshine and rain on the garden. Beauty and sweetness of character are likely to come from such a home."

The social life is very pleasant. The given invitation of friends to meals, the social evenings given and returned, the joining together in games and in work-clubs, all these help to broaden one's views of life. Besides this, there is the

time spent in daily devotion, when all the family members join together in prayer and praise to the Creator. This is a great soothing factor and is a very close bond of relationship.

Such are some of the charms of home. It is here that the influence of the woman is felt, seen and appreciated. If we, Indians, wish to make our homes really true and tender, we must educate our women. It is then that we shall have homes which will form the nucleus of the strength of the nation. I came across a pretty passage about the worth of women, and I now pass it on to my readers:—"Women were designed by their nature, elegance and softness to endear domestic life to man, to make virtue lovely to children, to spread around them order and grace, and to give to society its highest polish. No attainments can be above beings whose end and aim it is to accomplish purposes at once so elegant and so salutary; every means should be used to invigorate by principle and culture such motive, excellence and grace."

AN INDIAN LADY.

The Birth of Death.

AN INDIAN POEM.

FOR brilliancy of imagination, picturesqueness of language, vigour of expression and even depth of thought, Indian Poetry bears no mean comparison to the ancient poetry of other countries. The rich glowing and elaborate descriptions, which form a chief characteristic of all Oriental Poetry, may seem to one accustomed to Western Poetry painfully tedious. Even if this is considered as a defect, we, on the other hand, notice a certain grace, an impressive dignity and nobility of sentiment running through all that is genuinely oriental.

Above all we are struck with what we may call the element of spontaneity in Indian poetry; there is no servile subjection to rigid rules. It is true that we often miss the fascinating melody of versification we find in an English Poet, such as Pope; but if in reading a poet like Pope we feel as if we were walking in a pleasant garden well trimmed and neatly kept, our sensation on reading an oriental poet may be compared to the independent joy we experience, when in the midst of a forest covered all over with wild shrubs and flowers, and with nothing to remind us of anything artificial.

In these days we hear a great deal about the relationship that ought to exist between a true poet and Nature. The true function of the Poet must be not merely to teach our oneness with Nature, but also to reveal the god-like in Nature. In a great deal of what goes by the name of Poetry in these days, there is a coarse familiarity with Nature, and the duty of seeking for the god-like in her is entirely overlooked. Oriental poets on the other hand go to the other extreme of regarding Nature with something amounting to a superstitious awe, but at the same time they never lose sight of the Supreme Soul that pervades all Nature.

Poetry ought also to instruct, not merely amuse or please us, and any poet who has truthfulness of motive is sure to fulfil this function. Certainly in the poetry which is being poured forth in profusion in these days, there is much that can be called 'pretty,' but there is hardly anything instructive. In Indian Poetry we notice two lines always running parallel, the one is the simple narration of ordinary events of life, and the other consists of lessons that we can derive from them. We mean by this that there is much moralizing in Indian Poetry; but there is no such element to be found in the other.

A poem, which combines both these functions is "The Birth of Death," a beautiful translation of which Sir Edwin Arnold has given us, from the *Mahabharata*. It is an episode in this great Epic. Abhimanyu, the brave son of Arjuna, has been cruelly slain in battle, after splendid exploits. Prince Yudhisthira, his uncle, is bitterly lamenting his loss. He exclaims, "What is death? Whence is this death." The answer to this question is given in our poem, *The Birth of Death*.

"At first,
Long back in the beginning, He who rules,
Almighty, shining Brahma, made what lives
To be unchanged; so was there length of days
Illimitable, but not growth in days
Which comes by change; and Brahma, seeing His worlds
Fixed in fair changelessness, waxed ill content,
Bethinking to unmake what He had made,
That good should pass to better."

Then there went from Brahma, a fiery flame, the embodiment of his dissatisfied thought,

"Which, filling all the regions, had consumed
The heavens and earth and worlds from west to east,—
From north to south, the heavens and earth and worlds,
With all their creatures—those which live and move,
And those which live unmoving, plants and trees."

Then the god Siva, seeing this terrible destruction, went to the Creator, and besought him for mercy towards his creatures, and Brahma listened to him.

"Lo! I am favourable. Life shall live;
For love, not hate, this mood did move in me,
Because the Angel of the Earth hath come,
Constantly praying: 'Father, lighten me!
Make and unmake this burden sore to bear,
My children, lest we multiply to harm.
Yet, having made them, how should I unwake,
Seeing I gave gifts indestructible,
Giving their lives? I cannot slay, yet these
Must change; therefore that mood did move in me."

When Brahma was in this dilemma—on the one hand to limit the ever-growing life of earth, on the other, not to destroy unjustifiably and illimitedly,—the god Siva told him of a plan:

"Let there be henceforth
Three states of time for children of the earth,
The Past, the Present, and the Future; these
Let them possess, Thou Lord of all!

Then Brahma withdrew his devouring flame and began to meditate on this new purpose; and there rose from him, Minerva-wise, a new Being:

"Live from His thought, a Presence feminine—
Delicate, tender, splendid, with great eyes.
Dark the sweet face was, dark the stately limbs;
But beauty blossomed red on lip and breast,
And in her ears swung ear-rings of soft gold.
She, being so born, drew backward from the throne,
Awestruck to gaze upon those gods."

Who was this sweet creature? None other than *Mrityu* or *Death*, and to her tender hand and to her fair and gentle presence, "with eyes like lotuses," is given the dread task of bringing death into the world:

"Thou Death, thou Mrityu—go, destroy
Those, who must die! I have created thee
Unto this work; bring to appointed end
The moving and unmoving; kill and slay
All creatures at their time. This is my will,
Obey and fear not."

But Mrityu naturally drew back from the dreadful work. She wept and sobbed and besought Brahma to withdraw his command:

"Father and Lord! wherefore then
Madest Thou me woman? How shall I fulfil
This dreadful duty, this ingenious task?
I shall be guilty, I shall be defiled.
Why must they die? the friend, the citizen,
The son, the mother, father, brother, bride
And bridegroom—all so happy, all so fair—
Why should these be destroyed? I am afraid
To kill them; I shall sadden at their tears,
Grieve with their groans.
I pray Thee rather give me leave to live
In holy silences and pains and prayers."

But Brahma was inexorable, saying:

"I bid thee for the good of all."

Then Mrityu went to the sacred solitudes of penance, and prayed and wept and meditated rapt vows and penance, till Brahma, well-pleased, called her to him and asked:

"My Mrityu!
Why dost thou exercise such vows?"

Gentle Mrityu made the same pitiful prayer as of old; but Brahma was still inexorable. He absolved her from all sin in slaying:

"Yama shall help thee; plagues,
Pestilence, dearth, shall be thy ministers;
And I, the Almighty God, before all gods
Give thee this sign, that, being free from sin,
Thou shalt be called 'Passionless,' *Niraji*,
She that doth slay for love, and slaying saves."

Then, Mrityu proposed a plan, which was that she should not slay people directly, but that they should be slain by themselves and their sins:

"Let their sins slay them, and die so with them.
Avarice, ambitions, envies, calumnies,
Wars, wraths, hates, conquests, follies, passions, plots,
Of mutual mischiefs—let those work thy word
And bring to end the beings suffered them."

Brahma consented:

"Go, fair child
Fulfil my purpose, make death enter so;
Thou shalt be blameless now and ever more,
See! the bright tears that fell upon my hand
From forth thine eyes, I turn to woes of flesh
Which shall consume them—aches, diseases, griefs.
Born of thy sorrow these will smite; but, born
Of thy compassion, these shall heal with peace,
When the day cometh that each one must die."

and thus Mrityu came into the world.

What grand, what soothing lessons are taught us in this mythological story. Death is no more to be feared; Death is to be welcomed, for Death is given by the gentle hand of a tender angel, who weeps sweet tears where she kills.

"She doth slay for love, and slaying saves."

"Slaying saves"! Yes! Death saves many from a life of trouble and sorrow:

"The gentle spirit with the staff in hand
strikes none, but succours all!"

What consolation there is in such a thought, is there not? Our beloved dead have but entered into a happier state:

"They sit with kings and heroes who are passed
Into the everlasting happy house,
Where no wars are, nor wounds; and good men dwell;"
Therefore the wise,
Knowing that such is Brahma's will,
Never lament their dead."

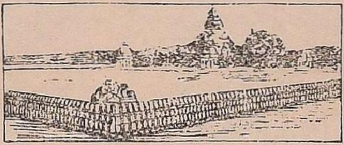
And over all is the thought that Death comes when it must. Young or old, useless or useful, good or bad, people must die when God wills them to die. To us, worldly creatures, such a decree will seem cruel; but who can be aware of God's purposes? The only consolation is that we serve Him and His Holy purposes in death, as well as in life.

Different religions have different ideas of death. But the one common idea for all seems to be that death for good people is but the entrance into a happier state. Whether this state is one of happy quiescence, and happy direct

communion with God or whether it is a state of active and blissful and harmonious work, where each happy nature is allowed to fulfil God's purposes in the way best suited to itself and its God-given talents,—who can tell?

NALINI.

Light Literature.



NOTHING more helps the education of a nation, than the spread of healthy light literature, the influence of which can be seen in all directions, affecting as it does for incalculable good the morals, the culture and the social happiness of the world. It has a most powerful effect in benefiting all classes; the scholar in his study, the busy clerk at his office can derive recreation from conning over a page or two of light literature; not only are the young allured by it, but the old are introduced into realms, which they may have come to look upon as beyond their reach.

If the subject treated of is history, the events of the world are conjured up before us with startling vividness; the actors live again and speak, so that whatever before was an ill-understood jangle of words, lives in our imagination as a real incident in the drama of life wherein we have vital interest. Stories of travel picture to us people whose nationality was to us but a name. The habits, customs, manners of their far-off life are vividly set before us as we sit in our own homes; and any story of adventure or peril, the wonderous daring of the mariner or the enthusiasm of the explorer, thrills our hearts and often for very excitement we exclaim "I will follow," and not unfrequently a few more recruits go forth to join the hardy band.

The poet stirs us to deeds of nobility and valour by his vigorous recital of some story of chivalry or moves us to fresh deeds of kindness and love by the sweet measure of his song. Life is filled with warmth of colour and fragrance of odour by beautiful melody. Yes! It is these recreations of life, these moments we snatch from our every-day toil and bustle and devote to the listening of what happens in the wide world around and listen to the still more marvellous workings of the minds of men—that make life happy and enjoyable.

To us, the periodical appearance of Magazines and Journals is but a trivial incident; but what hunger of brain and heart should we experience if there were no such things? Nor would this be merely an inconvenience on the withdrawal of a luxury. In the growth of our civilization, light literature is as much part of it as the increased facilities of locomotion and communication we enjoy, and as necessary to our life.

Light literature has proved itself something more than a pleasant means for the passing of spare time. All the nobler attributes of our nature are stimulated and nourished by it, as they could be by no other means. But even regarding it from the lower level of an amusement only, it plays an important function in our lives. If weary souls forget in its perusal their tiredness, and care is for a time lulled, light literature has surely earned a glorious reward.

AN INDIAN LADY.

Travancore under the Ranees.*

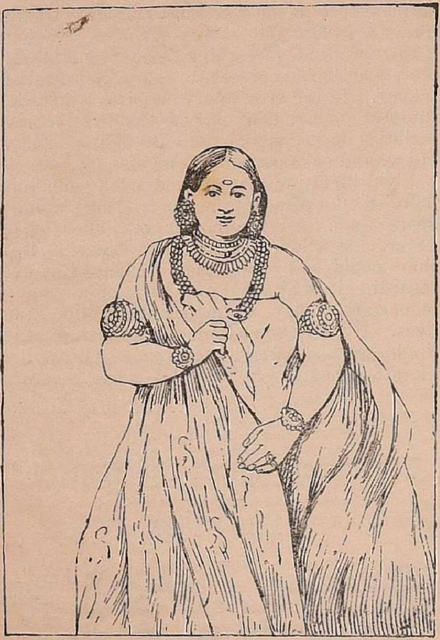
1810—1829.

II.

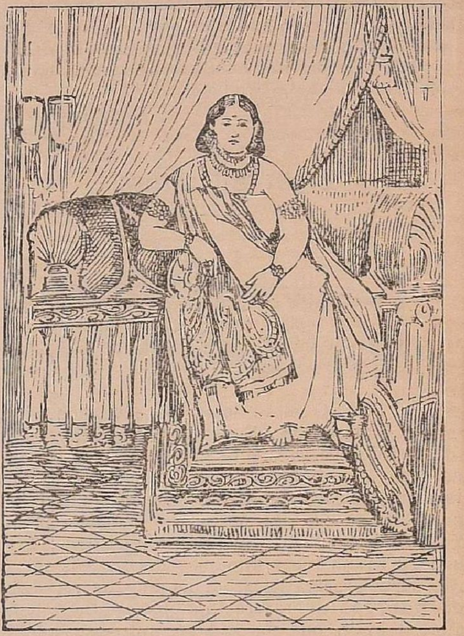
IN my last paper I gave a short account of Her Highness Ranee Lakshmi Bai's reign. Now I come to the reign of RaneeParvathi Bai.

When Her Highness Ranee Lakshmi Bai died, her sister H. H. Parvathi Bai was only thirteen years old. Since Her Highness was the eldest member of the family, she was selected as the Regent during the minority of Prince Rama Varma, who was only eighteen months old. The Royal family at that time consisted of the Regent H. H. Parvathi Bai, H. H. Rugmani Bai, eldest daughter of the late Lakshmi Bai, who was seven years old, Prince Rama Varma and Marthanda Varma, who were eighteen and three months old respectively. Really a pitiable family. Not one of them was above sixteen. So the guardianship of this little Royal family rested with Raja Raja Varma Valiya Coil Tampuran, the late Ranee's consort.

Though only thirteen years old H. H. Gouree Parvathi Ranee was very smart and intelligent. Like her sister she was a woman of strong common sense and a talented and highly accomplished lady.



H. H. Gowree Parvathi Bai.



H. H. Lakshmi Bai.

Colonel Munro, the British Resident, even though he had resigned the Dewanship, took great interest in the administration of the State. He gave the Ranee good advice and helped her very much. Owing to the premature death of Daven Padmanaban, the then Dewan, S. Sankaranarayana Iyer, a native Brahmin, was appointed Dewan. Seeing that this man was not equal to the task, the Ranee forced him to resign his post, and Raman Menon of Cochin, a Judge in the Huzoor Court, was appointed in his stead. He was 'honest, intelligent and active and discharged the functions of his high office impartially and fearlessly.' This appointment showed the ability of the Ranee in selecting good officers for her Government.

Rugmani Bai, the daughter of H. H. the late Lakshmi Bai, having now attained her tenth year, preparations were made for her marriage; for, according to the customs prevalent in the Royal house, princesses should be married before they attain their twelfth year; so, grand preparations were made in connection with the Royal marriage or Pallikettu as it is generally called in Travancore. During the seven days of this marriage celebration, all the people of the State (without distinction of caste) were sumptuously fed; dakshana or gifts to the Brahmans were given. Several courtiers were given rich presents. Several learned and deserving men were rewarded. There were music, dances, native dramas, processions, fireworks, &c. All the Europeans of the town were also entertained. At this time, Col. Welsh happened to be at Trivandram, and he was invited by Her Highness the Ranee for the marriage. In his Military Reminiscences (Vol. 2, Page 144) he gives an elaborate account of the marriage from which an extract * is taken here for the information of our readers. "When alighting at the palace gate, we were ushered into a temporary building, where upon a silver throne sat the Ranee of Travancore who was really a very interesting woman and received us with much kindness..........After the etiquette of a regular introduction by Capt. Gordon, we all took our seats and were regaled by dancing girls for about two hours................There are two young Rajas at present in the palace, one the rightful heir to the throne is now seven years old and a very fine boy. The other is only three or four. The two young Rajas sat on my knee alternately during the whole evening without any restraint. The fireworks from the state of the weather

* This extract is published in Mr. Shungunny Menon's history, from which I copied

were very poor, but the affability and the good sense of Her Highness made up in my mind for all the disappointment. On taking our leave at 11 P. M. the Ranee entreated us to return the next day, but one of the ladies being unwell the party was put off till the 22nd, when we again assembled at 8 P. M., and saw some excellent fireworks................We saw the fireworks from the front verandah, which were certainly very grand, particularly some rockets which ran on a horizontal line guided by ropes attached to strong poles, and some of them fastened to figures which they impelled with surprising velocity ; and also some batteries which, after imitating the roar of cannon and musketry, suddenly exploded like mines, throwing up a profusion of fire balls. After this exhibition, we descended to a similar hall on the ground-floor, where a good supper was laid out for the European visitors. After partaking of it, we again descended to witness another Malabar play...........at the same time, six nice little boys were performing feats of activity with large knives and swords, by far the best part of the entertainment,and we got home nearly exhausted at 2 o'clock in the morning. On the 27th, we again assembled at the palace at half-past 3 P. M. to dinner, after which we were entertained with wrestling and feats of agility in the courtyard ;

On the 28th and 29th, also, there was another repetition with all the elements against us. And at 1 A. M., we took our leave of this affable and interesting Princess."

This clearly shows how cleverly Her Highness had made all the arrangements in connection with the Royal marriage, and what an able woman she was.

During the time of this Ranee two canals were constructed—one from Trivandram to the Kadinamgulam lake and the other to connect the Quilon and Paravoor lakes. Thus water communication was extended from Trivandram to the North. This was in 999 M.E.(1824 A.D.). "Several other useful works connected with irrigation were undertaken and completed during the reign of Her Highness."

It was during the reign of this enlightened Ranee that English Missionary labors were sanctioned in Travancore. It was during her reign that the London Mission was permanently established at Nagercoil. Her Highness not only admitted them into her State but also helped them in many ways. Some of these gentlemen were also appointed to the Government Service. The Church Mission Society was also given permission to commence its operations at Kottayam for the improvement of the Syrians. A college was opened at Kottayam for the education of the Christians, and Her Highness, the Ranee, gave them a donation of Rs. 20,000 for the maintenance of the college.

Colonel Munro, in his address to the Madras Government, thus refers to the event.* "The temporal situation of the Syrians has also been materially improved. I have frequently taken occasion to bring them to the notice of Her Highness the Ranee of Travancore, and her intelligent, liberal and ingenuous mind has always appeared to feel a deep interest in their history, misfortunes and character. She is aware of the attention excited by their situation in Europe, and her anxiety to manifest the sincerity of her attachment to the British nation has formed, I believe, an additional motive for the kindness and generosity she has uniformly displayed towards the Syrians. She has appointed a considerable number of them to public offices, and lately presented a sum of Rs. 20,000 to the College of Kottayam as an endowment for its support. The Syrians are most grateful for her goodness ; and cherish in no ordinary degree the sentiments of affection and respect towards her person that are entertained by every class of her subjects."

This report of Col. Munro announces to the readers the wisdom, kindness and sympathy of this young Ranee.

Now we shall see what other reforms she introduced. Mr. Shungunny Menon in his history says "Of the numerous enactments promulgated during Her Highness' reign, the following are the most memorable :—First, the prohibition of the exaction of Ooliyam service from Christian ryots, when such was connected with any of the Hindu religious ceremonies. Second, the employment of Christians for any public works on Sundays. Third, the introduction of stamped cadjans for documents. Fourth, the removal of the restrictions as regards the wearing of golden and silver ornaments by Sudras and others. Fifth, the abolition of poll-tax on people of the Chetty and other castes when they were Devaswom ryots. Sixth, the introduction of coffee cultivation in general and the prohibition against judicial officers holding private conferences with parties concerned in cases either at the Court or at their private residences, or even giving them admission into their dwellings etc., etc.

It was during this Ranee's reign, that vaccination was first introduced into Travancore and vaccinators appointed.

"The present Nair Brigade was formally organised during this reign. At the special request of Her Highness the Ranee, the Madras Government sanctioned the proposal, and a Brigade consisting of 2,100 men under the command of English officers was formed and also a

* From Mr. Shungunny Menon's history of Travancore.

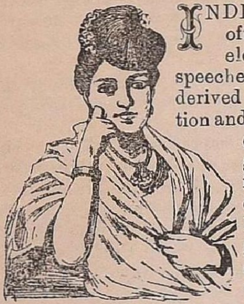
cavalry squadron of fifty men was added to the Mounted Troops. Two six-pounders and two nine-pounders had been attached for firing salutes, which honor had been dispensed with subsequent to the rebellion of 1809."

In the year 1829, Prince Rama Varma, the eldest son of Her Highness the late Ranee Lakshmi Bai, attained his sixteenth year, and Her Highness Parvathi Bai, the regent, thought that her sister's son should now rule the State. So she resigned her regentship and His Highness Rama Varma was made Maharaja of Travancore. But still the Ranee Parvathi Bai was his real adviser for some time.

The administration of these two Ranees was really a success and Travancore is proud of it.

A TRAVANCOREAN.

Indian Ladies and their Future.



INDIAN platforms have often resounded with eloquent and practical speeches about the benefits derived from higher education and evils arising from the early marriage of girls; and it is pleasing to note that such disinterested efforts have not been altogether fruitless. But, advantageous as it undoubtedly is to give a sound general knowledge and right as it is to prevent the disposal of infants in too early wedlock, the duty of a wise father cannot rightly be said to end here if he were to so bring up his daughter as to point out to her, as it is generally done now, that all these accomplishments must inevitably look to but one end—marriage. Against this holy institution itself, I have nothing to say; let all those who find it necessary enter it, if they have the means and are lucky enough to find suitable partners. But what about the hundreds of girls over whom much care and money have been spent by fond parents, who, following the national custom (or curse) dispose of them, as soon as they think that they have attained to what is known as a marriageable age, to young men—sometimes to old men also—who are scarcely in a position to give their wives even a fractional amount of that comfort which they have been used to in their fathers' homes. As long as the parents will so narrow-mindedly recognise marriage as the only obvious goal to their daughters, this untold misery will continue and all the possibilities of our noble and long-suffering Indian sisters will be stunted and in time perhaps, die out.

If the young women are given, with the money spent on dowry and jewels, some technical education or other, will they not prove themselves useful factors in many departments of life and thus be free from life-long misery with impecunious husbands and a large number of children? Oh! fond but short-sighted parents, I appeal to you to break through the trammels of public opinion and false pride, which have for ages not only rendered many homes miserable, but have positively hindered the progress of national public life. Do you think it disgraceful to make women earn their own livelihood? Just see what a great man said when he wrote about the Beauty and Holiness of Work; his very first sentence was that "There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work."

Or do you plead that there are no examples here? I need only point out to you the set of Indian ladies, who, coming from very respectable families and with educational qualifications of various degrees, are at present doing noble work in this city and in other parts of this Presidency by giving instruction in public and private girl schools. Perhaps you say that this is only practical for Christian ladies. In the Madras Medical College, among other Hindu female students, is there not a Brahmin lady now pursuing her study in the final L. M. & S. class? These form but one side of work, and of course, cannot be taken advantage of by all, but there are other openings as well. Only the other day, having occasion to step into an Indian type-writing institution opposite the High Court buildings, I noticed a Eurasian lady producing excellent work with marvellous rapidity, thus making a decent income of Rs. 80 per mensem; and I am certain that our Indian sisters, whose intellectual capability has been rightly ranked among the highest and whose versatile hands can be turned to much good result, will prove themselves useful in many departments of life, if they are not bound by baneful prejudices. This suggestion of mine should not be considered premature or too much ahead of the present times, for, if it were to produce any good result at all even after 10 or 20 years, parents who have girls in schools must take good care now alone to instil into their young minds the nobility of work and the undoubted advantage that a girl who is able, if necessary, to earn her own bread, has over a helpless sister whose pre-marriage life has been, as it were, a picnic existence in her father's comfortable home, but of whose lot as a married woman, she has not the vaguest idea. This will indeed be the real act of a kind and far-seeing parent and will not

as it may appear, reflect a lack of any sense of duty on his part.

In conclusion, sisters of India, have you not your own share in the duties of citizenship? Yes, it partly lies with you to raise the noble standard of public life. Remember that you were created only as man's reasonable companion and not necessarily his life-long servant, refuse, in a gentle manner, to become his slave, and he will respect you.

Are you afraid that, after a life of seclusion and retirement you will not be fit to face the rough and cold world? Yes, it cannot be denied that it will require some boldness in the beginning, but after some time your very maidenly sweetness, modesty and innocence, which have been recognised and respected by all nations, will stand in good service and protect you from all possible dangers.

The crown of gratitude from all right-minded gentlemen and the prayers of all true patriots await you, the pioneers of good example; avail yourselves of the opportunity and prove yourselves worthy of the expectation and honour.

S. T. R.

Things Seen.

1. A JOURNEY TO A HILL STATION.

IT was twelve in the noon when the travellers and the servants reached the railway station at the foot of the ghauts, and, peeping out of the waiting room, they could see nothing but low stunted half-withered trees, a group of miserable-looking thatched cottages, and a straight white road stretching to a long distance, bordered on both sides, with the thorny cactus hedge. The sun shed over the whole scene its fierce blinding light and the heat was most oppressive. They were disappointed. It is true, that in the dim distance, far away, they noticed some huge prominences, arising abruptly, here and there, from the level ground, but they did not know what to make of them, for the clouds resting on them gave them a most hazy appearance.

In the evening, just before sunset, they started in carts to go up the hill. They had a distance of three miles to go, before reaching actually the foot of the ghaut, and the scenery all around was depressing, though the magnificent sunset compensated a great deal for the monotony of it all. As they jogged along, in the crude but comfortable bullock carts, the hills came nearer and nearer to their view, and their shapes became more and more clearly defined. What a variety of colour is noticeable on the peaks of the hills to be sure! The setting sun has touched up the hills right in front with a golden red; far away a group of hills are bathed in transparent lilac, while the forest fringe of their summits projects in sharply defined golden lines into the sky. Yet another range is capped with a hazy blue, which turns now and then into a delicate pink; but look! yonder at the hills on the right, they are ashen in colour. The clouds are embracing the peaks in their vapoury garb, and the dying rays of the sun have no power to transform them into any of their fairy colours; and those level plains again, they are never ending, for the line, where the blue vault of the infinite meets the earth, seems to be far, far away.

Soon they cross a bridge, underneath which a flood-swollen river is flowing with all its turbulent fury. The landscape changes; the low, stunted *acacia* trees and the weary, forbidding *cactus* shrubs give place to tall cocoanut and betel-nut palms, bananas and jack fruit trees. The vegetation here is rich, almost oppressive in its luxuriance, and there is a stifling malarial atmosphere about the whole place, for the shrubs and trees are dense and thick. By this time the sun has set, and the moon has risen in all its splendour. The long, white level road is left behind and the cart ascends. What a sight bursts on their view! Tall trees hedge the ascending road on both the sides, as it curves round and round some sky-mingling eminence, like a huge python; and, now and then, as they round a corner they catch sight of the eternal plains, and the muffled panorama of hills behind hills. The sound of waters is in their ears. Mountain streams are tumbling in hot haste down huge rocks; and the moonbeams, kissing the foamy, feathery spray, make them glisten like silvery pearls. The long ranges of hills, standing, solemn and majestic, on all sides, the tall waving trees, the grugling cascades, the magnificently starred sky, the milky way and the bright moon with its fairy veil over all,—the songs of the cartmen, their *drrr...... ! drrr !* ......to the bullocks, spurring them on to walk faster,—all these they notice and all speak to them in the language of poetry. They seem overwhelmed by sensation after sensation, and they plunge themselves into the joy of the infinite. Even the English lady, who had been accustomed to the beautiful hill scenery of her country, could not help admitting that what she now saw was unique of its kind.

The Indian girl, who was one of the tra-

vellers, was in a state of suppressed excitement. She could scarcely sleep, and early in the morning they reached their destination. It seemed a paradise to her, the hill station, with its up and down roads, the eternal mountains around, in all sorts of fantastic shapes, made more fantastic by the clouds playing on their heights, the dense groves covered with old weather-beaten trees, underneath which nestled the curiously constructed mud huts of the primitive hillsmen, the green hedges covered with wild roses, and then, those majestic views of the plains from some "coigne of vantage" or other; —all these combined to make a deep impression on her. She felt lifted out of herself, and seemed to breathe a new atmosphere altogether.

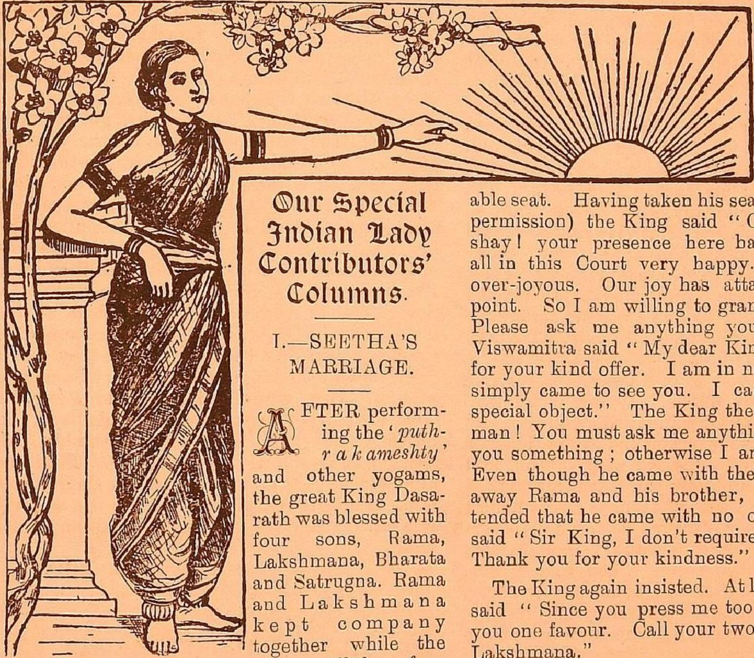
It is said that the people of India have no true appreciation of nature. This is anything but true. Even the savage has an instinctive appreciation of beauty; and that the people of India are keenly alive to the beauties of nature is clearly shown by the fascinating descriptions of natural scenery that abound in Indian literature, both in Sanskrit and in the Vernaculars. It is true there is much that is fantastic and exaggerated in the descriptions of nature we find in a work such as the Ramayana; but this very defect shows how very powerfully nature has appealed to the emotional side of the Indian character. Various are the ways in which individuals and nations give expression to their feelings appreciative of nature; but we cannot in all cases make the outward expression the test of inward feeling. What is peculiar to the Indian mind is that the beauties of nature arouse in it more the sentiment of the sublime, which is akin to the religious emotion. It is this that has made the rude Indian rustics people groves and forests and mountains with gods and goddesses. On a refined sensitive nature, such as that of our Indian girl, who had come under the chastening influences of Western culture, the feeling aroused was one of sad ecstasy,—a feeling which the ideal always awakens in such natures. She was carried away, as it were, by a whirlwind of feeling, which was all the deeper because it was undemonstrative.

2. ON AN INDIAN LAKE.

We skim along over the rippling waters, for our boatman is putting forth all his strength in poling us across the lake. Every one is silent, for each is absorbed in drinking in the beauty of the silent peaceful scenes around. There go the huge clumsy *dinghies*, chokeful of huge casuarina logs. How lazily they creep along, with their sails all tattered and torn! They come from long distances and the boatmen seem never in a hurry. There go the passenger boats from distant Caveripauk. Some are being punted along, and others, nearer the shore, are being towed; and the men are singing their jolly boat songs keeping time to the plash! plash! of the rippling waters. We take an occasional peep into these boats, and there is a blazing fire within, where something simple but substantial is being cooked. The fisherman's *catamaran*,—four or five huge logs tied together in the crudest fashion—we meet with everywhere, and our boatman knows all the fishermen by name. We stop occasionally to purchase a few fish newly caught. The evening sun is setting. How beautifully, to be sure, it has lit up the little island just in front with its dense casuarina *topes!* Yonder, far away on the hills, their hazy blue has given place, just for a moment, to a dazzling crimson. The tide is setting in rapidly, and the silly fish skip for joy over the water. "Hulloa! there it is—;" one has just jumped into our boat. The boatman has pounced upon it, but we will not have it kept, and so the poor frightened thing gets its freedom. Hark! do you hear that shout? It is the villagers of the island opposite shouting to the ferryman to bring the ferry boat to their side soon, as the evening shades are closing round fast. The shout rises "Pada-vu kundu va O!" and echo takes up the cry "Kundu va O!" "Kundu va O!"

We are nearing the lock now, where the boatman says we shall have good fishing. What a sight meets our eye to be sure! The river, all of a sudden, has narrowed and flows deep between two high bunds. The huge doors of the lock move slowly on their hinges at the sight of our boat. Why this solemn stillness all around? Even the very crows, flying to their rest in groups, are silent. The tall graceful casuarinas, are here, on both the banks, watching like sentinels the silent canal. Their weird music combined with the *plash! plash!* of the lapping waters is the only thing that disturbs the solemn stillness. Even the boatman, voluble as he usually is, does not talk. Ah! those calm sublime silences of nature? How they touch some sacred chord or other of our higher nature, and make the whole soul vibrate with a holy thrill! In the midst of the bustle and worry and unrest of this sinful world, who would not give anything to come face to face with these sublime silences, for they compel us to direct our gaze beyond the shifting scenes of this drama of life and have it fixed on the Eternal and Unchangeable! But I am digressing. Our corpulent boatman is all wrong, as he always is. We do not succeed in catching a single fish, and we return, of course, not disappointed, for the spell of the silent scene is on us all. The moon is rising over the wide, wide ocean. How delightful it is to watch her emergence from her watery bed! At first merely an indefinite patch of light is seen over a small

area, in the midst of a hazy darkness all over the surface of the ocean. The attention becomes more and more fixed on this spot, for it increases in brightness. As you are watching it, a sharp crescent of radiant light pierces the horizon, and then takes place a transformation scene most marvellous in its effects. The crescent gradually becomes thicker and rounder, till at last she reveals herself, in all her full orbed majesty, the great luminary of the night. There she is, a huge ball of silver fire, dancing, just for a moment, on the surface of the water, and then she shoots up, chuckling over her escape from the watery bed, to begin her majestic career through the star-spangled expanse above. By the time we get back to the lake, the moon has risen high up in the sky and is shining in all her full splendour. The waters dance merrily, proud of their moon-spangled glory. We see far away the light in the dim *chuttrum*. We have been singing some delightful songs. Hark! how sweet the singing sounds, and how well the rippling sound of the waters keeps time to the melody! Do you hear? It has so interwoven itself into the very fabric of my soul, that I shall always associate it with those delightful scenes on the lake.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I.—SEETHA'S MARRIAGE.

AFTER performing the '*puthrakameshty*' and other yogams, the great King Dasarath was blessed with four sons, Rama, Lakshmana, Bharata and Satrugna. Rama and Lakshmana kept company together while the other two kept together separate. All these four sons were greatly loved by their father Dasaratha. The King could not live long without seeing them. Such was the great love that Dasaratha had towards these sons and especially towards Rama.

The great King was holding his Court one day, sitting in his magnificent golden throne set with various precious stones, with his Courtiers, Ministers, Acharyars or Gurus, in front of him, when the famous *Maharshi* Viswamitra announced himself. The King was very happy to welcome him to the Court. He was received with great respect and conducted to an honourable seat. Having taken his seat (with the sage's permission) the King said "Oh great Maharshay! your presence here has made me and all in this Court very happy. We are really over-joyous. Our joy has attained its highest point. So I am willing to grant you any favour. Please ask me anything you require." Then Viswamitra said "My dear King! many thanks for your kind offer. I am in need of nothing. I simply came to see you. I came here with no special object.'' The King then said "No! wise man! You must ask me anything. I must give you something; otherwise I am not satisfied.'' Even though he came with the object of taking away Rama and his brother, Viswamitra pretended that he came with no object, and again said "Sir King, I don't require anything of you. Thank you for your kindness."

The King again insisted. At last the Maharshy said "Since you press me too hard, I shall ask you one favour. Call your two sons, Rama and Lakshmana."

The King was very much frightened at this. He thought "What! am I to give my favourite sons to this sage! No, I will not. Let me see what he is going to do?" He then said aloud "Oh sage, please ask me another favour. What do you want? I shall give you anything you ask." The Maharshi then said openly "King, I am to perform a yagam now, but I can't perform it owing to the lawlessness of the flesh-eaters, the Rakshasas, so I want help to prevent the coming of these Rakshasas into my 'Yagasala'."

King: "Is that all you ask? I shall send some

of my soldiers, who will protect the Yagasala whenever you require."

Viswamitra: "Oh King, what do you say? Neither your soldiers, nor you yourself, nor your father, nor your father's father, nor anybody in your family will be able to protect this Yagasala except your little son Rama. So give me Rama and Lakshmana and I shall depart immediately. Since you have sworn to give me anything that I asked, it would be a great sin if you don't fulfil your promise." The King was much troubled at this strange request. To give away these little children who had not yet completed their fifth year—these little children whom he considered as his favourites—these little ones without whom he could not live for a single second—these were to be given to a Sanyasi, one who lived in the great woods exposing himself to the wind and rain, to the sun and cold. And what would be the duties of the little boys? They were to protect the Yagasala against the monsters—those Rakshasas. Ha! a very fine duty for young children of four and five years old. These thoughts made Dasaratha almost mad. He stood up from his throne and begged the Maharshi to ask him any other favour, but he could not grant this one. But Viswamitra wanted these children and nothing more. Since Dasaratha had promised to give, could he break his promise? Then the King thought to himself 'What is this? I am to give away my children to this Sanyasi. No. I won't. I shall suffer any punishment. But I can't give them." Aloud he said, "Oh sage! you can go away. I won't give my sons. Go away, please." At this Viswamitra stood up and said "Oh King it was you who told me to ask any favour of you and when I asked you for it you say I must go away. You first asked me to beg and now you teach me how a beggar should be treat_d. You are a very honest King. Your father, father's father and others were very wise, honest men and I thought you were also like that and so I asked this favour. Since you have refused it, I am going away. Farewell," saying this Viswamitra left the hall. But some of the Acharyas, who were present in the hall at the time, advised the King that it was not right on his part to refuse to grant the request. Then the King went after the great sage and brought him back, requesting him to excuse him for his great wrong. Then, calling his two sons, he gave them to the Rishi with great reluctance. The *Muni* was satisfied and went away with Rama and Lakshmana.

Then the three went on. They passed road after road, lanes after lanes, crossed mountains, rivers, and at last came to a big forest. When they came here, the sage Viswamitra, who had been walking in front of the children up to this, withdrew and walked behind them. Then Rama asked him why it was so. The sage told him that there was a monster woman in that forest, who was very wicked and who ate everybody she saw. But Rama said "Never mind I shall kill her. Please show me where she is." Just then a big frightening sound was heard and a huge monster appeared in their presence. Viswamitra fled backward; but, Rama stood firm, and at once killed her. A few minutes later Viswamitra came back, congratulated the children and took them to his abode.

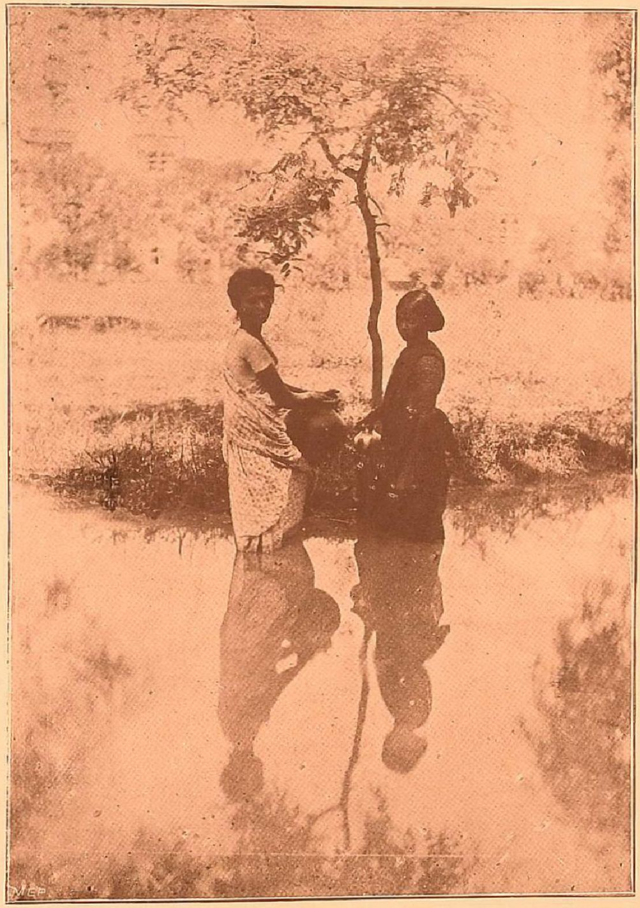
He then made preparations for his yagam or sacrifice. Several Rakshasas came to steal away the boiled rice, &c., that were prepared for the sacrifices to the Devas. But this time the Rakshasas were disappointed. There were two guards placed in the Yagasala or place of sacrifice, who drove away these Rakshasas, just as we drive away crows. Several of these monsters were killed and several humbled, and the yaga was performed with great success.

Just at this time our Viswamitra got an invitation from the King of *Mithila* for the marriage of Sita. Viswamitra took the two brothers also with him to witness the marriage celebrations. The King of Mithila, having made all the arrangements for the marriage, announced that his daughter Sita would be given in marriage only to that man who could take the bow of Parameswara (or Siva) and make use of it. Several kings, who wanted to get Sita as their wife, tried but failed. At last Rama approached the bow No one thought that he would succeed, and all the kings who sat near him mocked at him. But, without listening to these, he went to the spot, took the bow in his hand, and broke it into two. The whole assembly then hailed him as the winner of the girl. The father approached him and promised his daughter to him. Thus Rama got Sita. And the marriage was soon celebrated with great pomp and splendour.

S. Parukutty Ammal.

II.—A TWILIGHT DREAM.

I had roamed far, far away from the haunts of men to a lone vale lying in the arms of two great mountains; about their bases a brook murmured its love to the dark green cypress that hung fondly over it. 'Twas here that I was walking in a reverie, but was soon aroused by the brush of some cluster-leaved bough; before, me hills barred the way, so I swiftly turned round, and a grand sight met my eyes. The crimson-gold of the setting sun had shot through a cleft in the mountain and kissed the almost heart-shaped vale, till the latter burned like a splendid ruby with gleams of lucid crimson and molten gold,



REFLECTIONS.

An Indian Scene.

It seemed to me strangely enough to be the heart of these solemn mountains burning with love. I say strangely enough, for who would imagine those sombre frowning mountains, to have, instead of an icily stony heart, a richly passionate one, throbbing with love? Perhaps they are emblematic of some persons whose exterior is perfectly forbidding, and yet who have warm hearts full of love and pity. After gazing at the glowing heart in wonder,—as well I might —I ascended one of the hills to take a view of the landscape bathed in the golden light; but just as I reached the summit, the golden sun dropped into his resplendent couch, with his beautiful crown of flashing ruby, amethyst and beryl set in gold, gliding down to his brow from the glorious canopy above. It struck me how the course of the sun resembled the life of man. The dawning sun, when he comes out from behind his rosy-golden curtains, and lights up the world with his bright smiles, corresponds to the babe gladdening all hearts with his artless wiles; at noon to man-hood with its powerful love and duty; at sunset to declining years and death; and his crown-like splendour is like the crown of man's good deeds. Ah! would every man had such a glorious crown of good deeds to crown his last hours with peaceful joy.

In such thoughts, I had been locked for some time, when gradually emerging, I discovered that twilight had shaken her dusky locks over the fair self of day. A soft and beautiful scene lay indistinctly around me, a twilight scene adorned with poetic loveliness and with touches of tender melancholy. In the distance, a village nestled among the dim layers of shade, beneath the dark-green trees which looked black in that hazy light; here and there lamps gleamed from amidst the dense foliage. What a glad sight for toilers returning home! Far behind this, loomed mountains kissing the brow of the grey heavens. On either side, stretched away to the far horizon, a wilderness of deep glens and wild-wooded dells interspersed with hills, steep and broken, and the indefinite shapes of huge trees hovering around them. At not a great distance from me was a pretty cascade, falling over the ledge of a dark rock; in the soft and luminous twilight, it shone as an arc of silvery light, cleaving the dark rock above and flashing down to the dark rock below, where the brook from the vale widened out into a river and was spanned by a picturesque wooden bridge. On the other side of this cascade, and far, far away from it, indeed near the far horizon, a rugged wavy line with many a curve and promontory and the sudden hazy gleams of the pearl-crested wavelets caressing earth, showed the sea.

The dreaming air was full of an eloquent silence save when the soft cooings of birds floated past me and died away in the far distance, or save for an occasional plaintive bleat accompanied by a faint musical tinkle of bells, or the low mooing of cattle, borne faintly to my ear, or for a gentle swish, which only accentuated the silent music of nature. A faint sweet odour of twilight blossoms was wafted by gentle zephyrs, which whispered to me the sweet love-secrets of the woodland;—the lily's silent and pure devotion for the rose; the wooing by the blue-bell with the tremulous music of its bells of the sweet violet; the watery moon-like water lilies' tender regard for the queenly lotus who opens her lovely eyelids to the kisses of her dearly beloved moon; the graceful palmyra's loving esteem for the stately palm; the clinging love of the jessamine for the brilliant rose and so on.

The scene was so sweetly peaceful, I thought it was cradled in silent tranquillity's arms. Involuntarily I gazed up and there in the silvery-grey floor of heaven hung the brilliant Venus, the lamp of beauty and love. And into my soul sank its light and peace. And as I lay myself down, yearning uncontrollably to sleep the last sweet sleep of death, a dream came over me.

I thought I saw a woman's fair form, slight and sylph-like, and delicately moulded, with an ethereal essence about it that reminded me of an angel hovering over the world; a gauzy veil draped it and flowed down to the small ivory feet; inside the veil, rippled raven tresses in careless grace, with no jewel or flower to adorn them save their own unadorned beauty. Set in this undulating frame of darkness, a sensitive oval face with exquisitely chiselled features, gleamed through the gauzy, hazy veil. And on the pale brow there shone silver letters spelling the sad words 'Love unreturned.' Below the dark crescents of her eyebrows, the dark liquid eyes were full to overflowing, of a pathetic tenderness and sadness, and in their liquid depths, shone divine gleams, that reflected the pure soul within, sublimated by the ordeal of a silent sorrow. The pensive curve of her blossom-like lips, drooped with the rich burthen of its love. I thought I saw this beautiful creature striving with a pathetic earnestness to gladden the world; and great seemed her sorrow, when she found her efforts crowned with no great success. Then it seemed that she wept, that she with her unreturned love could not do much good in the world; and I thought she prayed that the burden of her sorrow might be lifted. Soon I saw, as in answer to her prayer, a glorious winged car flying down from the heavens; its dazzling beauty seemed to blind my eyes, so that I could not gaze at it, but the beautiful woman I could see. A marvellous change had come over her; a divine radiance, a spiritual essence enveloped her, and the silver letters on her brow miraculously

changed into the glad words, 'Love returned.' Her beauty then became as that of the full moon, compared with the pale watery crescent that had glimmered before. Then I thought I saw her stretch out her arms with a divine tenderness, and in a moment two silvery filmy wings annexed themselves lightly to her shoulders; she seemed to float in space, and next moment she had stepped into the wondrous car. An angel going to the Land of Angels—then I could see no more; but I felt that the world was changed, as a joyous song was peeled forth, while high in the heavens, I seemed to see something dazzlingly beautiful. Two golden gates were flung open and a winged line of angels wound its way to the world. Then again I could see no more, while a mighty struggle seemed to be convulsing me, as if the soul would fain break through its bonds and soar aloft. And then a perfect unconsciousness and peace stole over me.

Heavenly strains far sweeter than the music of the murmuring stream, the low sighing lay of the wind, or the silvery splashing music of falls, fell on my charmed ears. It seemed a beautiful song of love and behold! angels were singing it; they formed a ring round a divinely beautiful child with golden curls, softly bright as the sun behind a hazy cloud. One angel was blind-folding his violet eyes, another girded his loins with a belt supporting a quiver of silvery arrows. All this seemed done in space and then the angels kissed the child's sunny curls and his blind-folded eyes and blessed him as 'Cupid, the blessing of the world.' Then I thought that Heaven and Earth rejoiced and that Heaven dropped the beautiful links of the rainbow to chain the world about the feet of Heaven, for had not Earth been beautified and purified by the heavenly gift of Love? The lovely gold-moon seemed gently lowered from the heavens that she might shed her gentle radiance over the new world; all the angels turned their twinkling lamps downward, in token of their sympathy for the love-gifted world.

The grateful world sent up the music of its love as a welcome for Cupid, the burthen of which was something like this,

> "Love is like a flower in the desert
> There is only one perfect flower in the wilderness of Life
> That flower is Love
> There is only one fixed star in the mists of our wanderings
> That star is Love."

The world's former tears, that had collected as the sea, now reflected the beauties of the rainbow, the moon and stars above; and all the stray tear-drops on leaves or flowers sparkled in rainbow tints, now that the world was blessed with love. The formerly non-fragrant flowers now wafted their perfume; fruit, that had never ripened into sweetness, now did so; songless birds now poured forth their love in sweet warbles; the kokil's passionate love melodies filled the air with the sweetest music, and subdued the wanton air with their impassioned love. Wild animals lost their ferocity and became as gentle as doves and their eyes filled with a wondering softness. All Nature rejoiced and Cupid rejoiced; I thought I saw him delightedly send his arrows of love into the hearts of people, and, as I gazed wonderingly, a silver flash as quick as lightning seemed to flash towards me, and a silvery arrow head pierced my heart and next moment I awoke,—a new being.

SOUNDARI.

Earthquakes.

EARTHQUAKE is the term applied to a tremor or shaking of the solid crust of the earth. The frequent occurrence of earthquakes, their destruction of life and property, their influence upon the solid surface of the earth, and the mysteriousness of their cause, force them upon our attention. It is estimated that twelve or thirteen earthquakes, destructive more or less of life and property, occur every year, and it is well known that the surface of the globe is never free from sensible evidence of the continued operation of earthquake agency; that in some quarter or another tremors or slight shakings are always taking place. When these are of a serious nature, whole cities have been destroyed; fertile districts, with all their fruits and grain have been laid waste; and enormous masses of human beings have lost their lives.

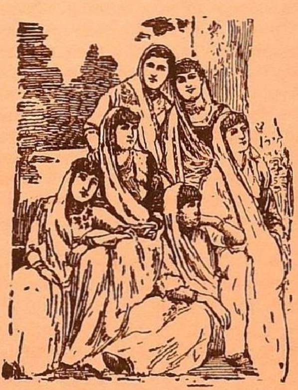
No portion of the earth's surface is exempt from the influence of earthquakes. Egypt has been less visited than perhaps any other country, but even here we have the record of one which took place in 1740 A.D.; and Holland, with its loose alluvial deposits, has also felt their power. Nor is the bed of the ocean exempt; records of many sub-aqueous earthquakes exist, taken by vessels at sea, sometimes passing over the point of greatest disturbance at the moment of the shock. One hundred and three are recorded for 1878-79; but this enumeration includes, as units, many complete periods of earthquake in which shocks and vibrations followed each other at short intervals for days, even weeks. The most violent and destructive was that on the 23rd of January, in the province of Terapace; it was preceded by a long period of vibration from the disastrous earthquake of the previous year. Of European

earthquakes, that of the 28th January in the north-west of France and the south of England will be well remembered. Interesting, not so much for its violence as for its remarkable extent, and through the accurate data at hand concerning it, is the lower Rhine Earthquake, which began on the 26th of August. The region affected by the first shock (felt most at Cologne) must have been greater than 2,000 square miles. Supposing the centre 2·5 miles west of Copenhagen, the rate of propagation of the movement of the earth seems to have been about 6·78 miles. It is noticeable that the earthquake could only be traced near the surface of the ground ; *the intensity increased with the depth*. They are most frequent around the lines or centres of volcanic action ; and their frequency and violence seem to bear some relation to the activity and intensity of the associated volcanoes. It is, however, an important fact, that although regions of active volcanic action are those of most frequent earthquake movements, yet the most violent earthquakes do not appear to have occurred in these regions, but on the contrary, in districts lying some degrees away from the nearest volcanic action, as, for instance, in the famous earthquake of Lisbon. Districts in which there are extinct volcanoes are not liable to such visitations. The phenomena connected with earthquakes, have been variously described as appearances in the heavens, or changes in the atmosphere. They tell of irregularities in the seasons preceding or following the shock of sudden gusts of wind interrupted by sudden calms, of violent rains at unusual seasons, or in countries where such phenomena are almost unknown, of a reddening of the sun's disk, a haziness in the air often continued for months, and similar phenomena. But these have been so seldom observed and associated with more than a single earthquake, that there seem good grounds for believing they had no real connection with the earthquake. It is different with under-ground noises, which frequently accompany the occurrence of earthquakes. They are undoubtedly connected with the shock, yet earthquakes occur, unaccompanied by any sound whatever. As there have been earthquakes without subterranean noises, so there are frequently, in South America and elsewhere, under-ground sounds, which are not followed by earthquakes. All theorists are agreed as to the connection between volcanoes and earthquakes, that they are produced by the same subterranean agency. The existence of molten matter in the interior of the earth is the starting point in all, except the chemical theory propounded by Davy which, though in the end it was abandoned by him, still finds supporters. When he discovered the metallic bases of the earths and alkalies, he threw out the idea that those metals might abound in an unoxidised state in the subterranean regions, to which water must occasionally penetrate. When this occurred, gaseous matter would be set free, sufficient to produce the earthquake, the metals would combine with the oxygen of the water, and heat enough would be evolved to melt the surrounding rocks.

The assumption that the earth consists of a molten fluid core, with a cooled and hardened rind floating upon it, seems inconsistent with the rigidity that Astronomers have proved the earth to possess. But although the earth must be mainly solid, it is yet believed to be of a honey-combed structure, and that the cavities contain in many places lakes of molten rock, between which and the surface volcanoes are orifices of communication. Into these cavities, water, sinking down through crevices from the ocean or the land, must be constantly finding its way ; and the steam thus generated exerts such enormous pressure as to force the molten matter to the surface, itself mingling and escaping along with it. When a mass of water is suddenly precipitated into a hot cavern, the explosion of steam will cause an earthquake concussion, and, where there is no vent, may be sufficient to convulse and rend the superincumbent strata.

Friendly Chats among Ourselves.

A True Lady.



Who is a true lady? What is it to be a true lady? Various definitions of the term have been given by several people. I have often heard it said, that any lady who possesses good manners is a true lady. But, I think this definition is not altogether right or sufficient, for the term *true lady* contains a wider meaning. A true lady is not only a lady at home, but a lady everywhere.

I shall just mention a few qualities here, which I think a lady should possess. Opinions of course will differ on this important point; but it will do us no harm to look at it from one point of view. The most important quality then

that a lady should possess is a good *character*. So important is this quality, that the others which I am about to mention can be summed up in this one virtue alone. How different is the behaviour of a lady who has character, to the behaviour of her who has none? A true lady will prize her character as she prizes a valuable jewel and will try by every means in her power to keep it intact. A lady who is educated, and is rich, is not a true lady, if she has not got character. What is the use of the education, riches, and polite manners of a so-called lady, if that lady's name becomes a byword and a name of contempt to every one? The next important quality that a true lady should possess is *honesty*. A lady should in the prime of her life impress upon her mind that she lives in a world of "stern realities," and as such no outward show can "permanently assert itself as a substance." In her presentment as a member of Society, she should take sacred care to be more than she seems and not to seem more than she is. A true lady will be honest, not only in her words, but also in her actions and dealings. She will not feign or profess anything just to get the goodwill of those who are around her. "Whoever in any special act is studious to make an outward show, to which no inward substance corresponds, is acting a lie, which may help *her* out of a difficulty perhaps for the occasion, but, like silvered copper, will be found out in due season. Believe this, that plated work will never stand the tear and wear of life like the genuine metal." The next lady-like quality seems to me to be true *humility*. A lady who is noble is always clothed with humility. There are many ladies, who put on a sort of humility which is false humility, which, however, is soon found out. True humility, on the other hand, is always natural. It considers nothing *infra dig*. It is unostentatious and unobtrusive. It does not cater for admiration and praise.

The next important quality that a lady should possess is *sympathy*. There are many who shut themselves up within a "certain narrow pale of sympathy and foster unreasonable hatred and prejudices against others." A real lady will strive as much as possible to lay aside all prejudices and ill-feelings against her fellow-sisters or brothers, and endeavour as much as it lies in her power to learn "the excellences of persons and parties to whom *she* is naturally opposed." Persons, who are not genuine, make a show of sympathy, which ends in words, but not in actions. But true ladies will extend their sympathy by weeping with those that weep and rejoicing with those that rejoice.

With sympathy is connected broad-mindedness. Very few persons possess this good quality at the present day. They are narrow-minded, because "They live in a hard shell of some professional crust, and cautiously creep their way within certain beaten bounds, beyond which they have no desires." Noble persons, on the other hand, take great interest in other people's affairs, not with a desire to be inquisitive, but because they love to help their fellow human beings. The poet-philosopher Goethe, when sinking into the darkness of death, called out with his last breath. More Light! "What every lady should call out daily, if *she* wishes to save *herself* from the narrowing crust of professional and other limitations, is, more Love! And I am certain that if ladies have real love, their minds will be enlarged, and they will view things in altogether a different light.

The next important quality is *self-control*. Plutarch said to Emperor Trojan, "Let your Government commence in your own breast, and lay the foundation of it in the command of your own passions." Endurance and self-control are the qualities that a lady should possess. Another lady-like quality is, consideration for others. There are many who utter words, which inflict wounds in the heart. A true lady would, however, consider others' feelings, and would avoid such harsh words. It would be good for ladies to think twice sometimes before they speak.

A true lady, then, according to the qualities I have mentioned, is one, "Whose nature has been fashioned after the highest models. Her qualities depend not upon fashions or manners, but upon moral worth, not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities." And, how are such qualities obtained, and afterwards fostered? First, by *Strong will*. I mean by will, not stubborn self-will, but a determination to carry out a thing, that will not only benefit the person interested, but also others with whom she comes in contact. Such a will must be a submissive will, that is a will, which can be subject to others' opinions. A person who has this *will*, will consult others and take their advice on matters she wishes to carry out. I would next advise my readers to aim for the highest objects of life. Always have a high standard of life, even though you may not altogether realise it. "She who has a high standard of living and thinking, will certainly do better than she who has none at all." "Pluck at a gown of gold," says the Scotch proverb, "and you may get a sleeve of it." Whoever tries for the highest results cannot fail to reach a point far in advance of that from which he started; and though the end attained may fall short of that proposed, still, the very effort to rise, of itself cannot fail to prove permanently beneficial."

"Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So shall thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

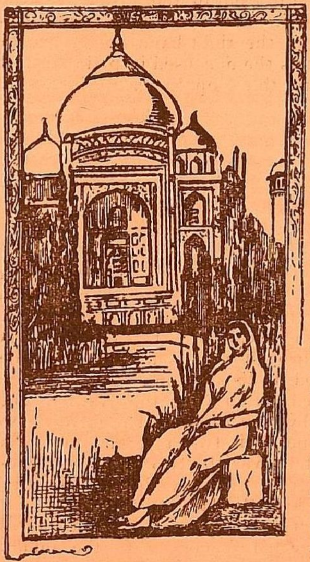
Lastly, always be active. "No young person can go far wrong who devotes a certain amount of time to a definite piece of work." An idle person can be compared to a housekeeper, who has the doors of his house wide open to burglars. It is indeed a grand thing when a lady can say, "I have no time for nonsense, no call for unreasonable dissipation." Always consider that life is earnest, and that this world is a stage, where all are at work. Idleness leads one to "rack and ruin." "Life is short, art long, opportunity fleeting, experiment slippery, judgment difficult."

Always endeavour to be "honest, truthful, upright, polite, temperate, self-respecting, and self-helping,—that is be a true *lady*."

HOME-TALKS.

Home-nursing

(Taken from the *Girls' Own Paper*).



When sickness comes into a home, it is the women who are called upon to help. And it is not every woman who can do sick-nursing. Especially is this the case in our Indian homes, where so few of our women know even about proper sanitary arrangements. But times are advancing fast, and even our Indian girls are beginning to know the laws of health. Still, it is not everyone who has this privilege, and it seems to me that a few hints about home-nursing would be useful.

The first thing is to choose a room for the invalid. If a long illness is probable, give the invalid, the largest, brightest and best room in the house. The room should have as much sunlight as can be got in, and there should be free ventilation. A constant current of fresh air should be allowed to enter into the room. Draughts, of course, should be avoided and the patient kept warm if the weather is cold. There should also be another opening in the room for the ejection of the impure air, which has been breathed by the people in the room. The invalid's room should not be too far away from the other rooms in the house. But, in an infectious case, the room should be isolated as far as possible. Everything should be done to keep the invalid's room fresh and sweet. Bright pictures, fragrant and pretty flowers, fresh sweet linen will achieve this purpose. And the people, who come into the sick-room must have bright faces and happy smiles, as far as possible, even when the heart is heavy. Some people seem to be born nurses, others seem to have no idea of it. But a little knowledge, and much patience, combined with love for the patient, will work wonders. A nurse should never be noisy. On the other hand, they should not be ostentatiously quiet. The woman, who tries to walk on tiptoe and thereby makes more noise than when she walks naturally, and who talks in loud stage-whispers, is not a true sick-nurse. Fussiness also is to be avoided. Continual enquiries as to how the patient is feeling are not needed. There is a story told of a wounded soldier, who was so disgusted at the constant attentions of the nurses that he put up a notice near his bed, "Too ill to be nursed." At the same time, there should be proper attention, careful observation, and true sympathy. Strict obedience should be paid to the doctor's orders. The nurse should be kind and yet firm. A great deal of tact is required with children. She should be prompt, self-possessed, resourceful, light and cheerful, the more so when an illness is serious, though cheerfulness is very difficult in such a state. A nurse should be quiet in manner, but never stealthy.

As a writer says, "Perfection in a nurse is like perfection in a woman's attire—no details should be obtrusive, but the effect of the whole should be a feeling of its perfect fitness and harmony."

"Build the more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at last art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

Our Needle-work Column.

Knitting.

A FEW DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING.

CASTING on stitches.—Make a loop in the thread and slip it on to a needle. (See Fig. No. 1.) Next slip the second needle into the loop (Fig. 2), throw the yarn around it, draw it through (Fig. 3) and slip the loop thus formed on to the left-hand needle, thrusting the latter needle through it from the front to the back. Put the right-hand needle into the second loop (Fig. 4) make another loop as at Fig. 3, and slip it on to the left-hand needle. Repeat in this manner until you have as many stitches as required.

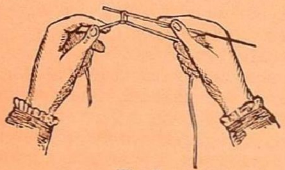


Fig. 1.

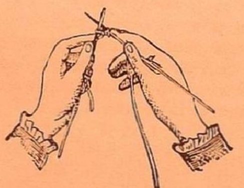


Fig. 2.

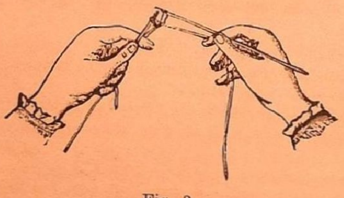


Fig. 3.

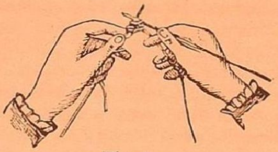


Fig. 4.

SEAMING OR PURLING.—To "seam" or "purl," throw the thread from its usual position at the back of the work in front of the right-hand needle, (Fig 5); then insert the point of the

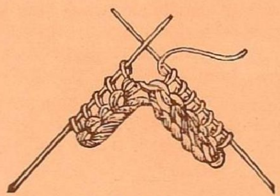


Fig. 5.

latter under the next stitch, thrusting it through from the *right* toward the *left* instead of the way usual in knitting plain; this will bring the right-hand needle in front of the left one instead of back of it as in plain knitting; now throw the thread around the right hand needle by the same movement as the one used in plain knitting (Fig. 6) and draw the loop *backward* instead of forward.

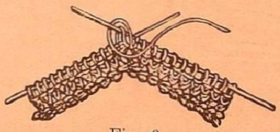


Fig. 6.

NARROWING OR KNITTING TWO TOGETHER.—To do this slip the point of the right-hand needle in the ordinary manner under *two* stitches at once, and then throw the thread over and draw the loop through both as if they were one. Another method is to slip one, knit one and pass the slipped stitch over the knitted one. This narrows by one stitch. To narrow two stitches: slip one, knit two together and pass the slipped stitch over the two knitted stitches.

THE FIRST STITCH.—Always slip the first stitch in knitting and knit the last.

TO JOIN OR BIND TOGETHER.—Knit as across the row as directed—generally to the middle. Then fold the work so as to bring the two needles side by side. Take an extra needle, put it through the first or end stitch on the needle next to you, then through the corresponding stitch on the other needle, knit the two together as one stitch. Knit in this way across the two needles, break off the yarn and fasten.

Rib Knitting.—This is made by purling and knitting alternately a like number of stitches. The most general rib is made by knitting two and purling two, across or around the work. When the ribbing is done on two needles, in working every other time across, the stitches that were *knitted* must be *purled* ; and those that were *purled* must be *knitted*.

Infant's Knited, Long Bootees, See Fig 7.

This little article may be made of pink and white wool.

Cast on 52 stitches for the top, with the pink yarn.

First row.—Knit 4, * k 2 together, k 4, and repeat from * across the row.

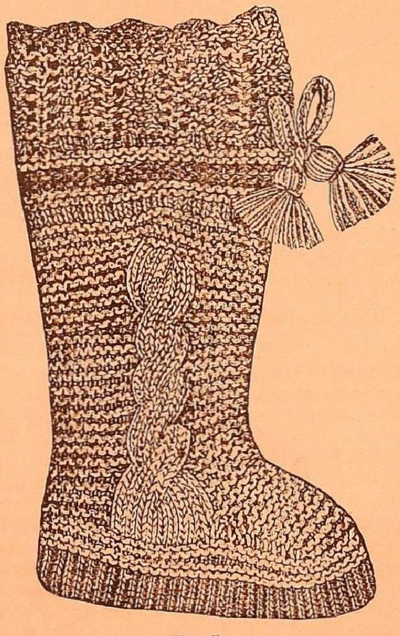


Fig. 7.

Second row.—Knit 4, pick up a stitch from the foundation, passit on to the left-hand needle, * and knit it off ; k 5, pick up another stitch and repeat from*.

Third row.—Knit 3, k 2 together, * thread over, k 1, th 0, k 2 together ; then put the right-hand needle through the next stitch, th 0, draw through, but do not slip the stitch mentioned off from the left-hand needle ; slip the *loop* drawn through on to the left-hand needle by passing the needle through it from the *front* to the *back* ; then draw the stitch first mentioned *through* this loop on to the *right-hand* needle, allowing the loop to slip down over it ; now k 2 together and repeat from * across the work, ending with knit 2 separately.

Fourth row.—Knit plain.

Join on the white and repeat the last 2 rows alternately until there are 8 holes. Then knit plain, 3 times across, or until there are 2 ribs of white ; then 4 times across with the pink, and 5 times across with the white, seaming back the 6th time across. Now knit back and forth 6 times, and then begin the braided knitting as follows :

Knit 10 ; knit 5 on to another needle ; knit 16 with the first needle ; knit 5 on to a second extra needle ; knit 16 with the first needle. In knitting back, knit 11, and also the 5 on the *last* extra needle ; now knit the next 16, and then knit the 5 on the *first* extra needle, and then knit the remaining stitches. Now knit across plain. Then knit 11, seam the 10 in the braid, knit 11, seam the 10 in the braid and knit 10. Now repeat the last two rows, alternately, *twice more*.

Next row.—Like the first row of braided knitting, except that you narrow *once* back (at the outer side) of each braid.

In knitting back : Knit 10, and seam the 5 on the extra needle and also the 5 on the left-hand needle ; then knit 11, seam 5 on the second extra needle, seam 5 on the left-hand needle, knit 9. Now complete this section of the braid the same as the first one, by 6 rows more.

Now make 3 more sections of the braided knitting, narrowing the same as in the last one, at the beginning of every section.

Knit the first 16 stitches off on to another needle ; then, with another needle knit the next 13, for the top of the foot, and leave the remaining stitches on the left-hand needle. Now, on the 13 stitches, knit back and forth 21 times for the top of the foot, and fasten the yarn. Now with the needle on which are the first 15 stitches, pick up 13 stitches along the right-side edge of the foot, slip the needle through the 13 stitches at the toe and pick up the 11 stitches at the left-side edge of the foot ; then join on the yarn and knit off the stitches remaining on the other needle.

Now kint 2 ribs, and seam back ; then knit 2 ribs more and join on the pink worsted.

Now use 4 needles, dividing the stitches evenly on 3 of them, so as to close the work at the back. Then knit 8 rounds, and close the foot as follows : Divide the stitches evenly on to 2 of the needles. Knit to within 1 stitch of the centre ; then knit this 1 stitch, the centre stitch

* Stars or asterisks mean that the details given between them are to be repeated as many times as directed, before going on with those details, which follow the next star. For example, as given above, the first row means, knit 4, k 2 together, k 4, k together, k 4, k 2 together, and go on in the same way till you come to the end of the row.

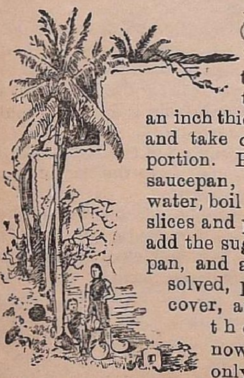
and the next stitch beyond, *together*. Now fold the work so that the two needles face each other and the stitches on each are exactly opposite each other. Then knit 2 stitches together at once, 1 from each needle, at the same time binding them off. Bind them all off in this manner and fasten the yarn to the last stitch. If preferred the stitches may be bound off singly and the foot sewed together.

Sew the bootee together at the back. Run a twisted or crocheted cord through the lowest row of holes in the top, tip it with tassels of pink and white and tie in front. Dark colors may be used, if preferred; or, pale tints of gray, blue, pink, yellow or tan-color may be selected.

Plain white bootees are always pretty, especially when the infant is dressed all in white. If preferred, the yarn may be shrunk before it is used, as the little articles may need frequent washings. Spanish knitting yarn is often used for them.

Our Cookery Column.

PINE-APPLE PRESERVE.



ONE pound pine-apple; 1 lb. sugar; one tea cup of water. Cut the fruit in slices, half an inch thick. Cut off the rind and take out the hard centre portion. Place the slices in the saucepan, and cover with the water, boil till soft, take out the slices and place on a dish, now add the sugar to the juice in the pan, and as soon as this is dissolved, put back the slices, cover, and let them boil till they are transparent, now take out the fruit only and place it in a wide-mouthed jar, boil the syrup until it is rather thick and pour it over the slices.

MANGO JELLY.

Ripe mangoes, limes, sugar and a little spice. Weigh the mangoes, and to every pound allow 1 lb. of Ashtagram sugar; peel the mangoes and squeeze the pulp into a clean vessel; add the sugar and spice, and simmer till all the sugar melts; add lime juice to taste, let it thicken till it falls in masses from the spoon; pour it into jars and cover when cold.

WOOD-APPLE PRESERVE.

Wood-apples, sugar, a few cloves, and a little cinnamon. This jelly is cheaper if made from ripe wood-apples, than from half ripe, as it takes less sugar. Scoop out the inside of the apples, put into a well tinned vessel, pour enough water to stand two inches over the fruit; boil well, stirring occasionally to prevent burning at the bottom, strain through a wire strainer or towel, allowing it to drain without pressure; it is best poured into a towel, which is hung up by its four corners over a bowl, and left till next day; throw away the seeds and pith; put the liquid on the fire, add the spice and sugar to taste; simmer uncovered till it jellies. This may be known by dropping a few drops on a plate; if they congeal when cold, the jelly is done; pour it hot into jars, and stopper when quite cold.

TAMARIND PRESERVE.

Fresh ripe tamarind, jaggery, equal quantities; remove the shells, but let the stringy stalks be on, as the fruit will otherwise become too soft; make the jaggery into a thick syrup; pour some syrup into a wide-mouthed jar; place layer of tamarind on it; cover this with more syrup; repeat till you have as much as you want; it will be ready for use in two months.

"PERSIAN HULWAH" (A SWEET DISH.)

One pound of semolina, three-quarters of a pound of "ghee," two pounds of best moist sugar, two ounces of sweet almonds and some essence of rose to scent with; heat the semolina and knead well; let it stand all night; then draw the milk by adding warm water and mashing with the hand until all the nutriment is extracted; strain the milk through a piece of muslin and let it stand for a couple of hours; drain off whatever water may have risen to the surface and mix smoothly; put the "ghee" into a preserving pan and let it warm through; warm in the milk (which ought to be about a pint and a half in quantity) and stir briskly; when the milk is sapped and the mixture begins to clear, add the sugar and a few minutes after, the almonds must be added after being bleached and sliced fine; cook the whole till transparent; try with a knife by putting a small piece of the "hulwah" on a plate and cutting; if it does not stick, it is sufficiently cooked; flavour with essence of rose to taste; put into a mould and press it well in with a wooden spoon; turn out while warm and set to cool. This dish must not be eaten until perfectly cold.

COCOANUT SWEETMEAT.

Three cocoanuts; 1½ lb. of sugar; kuss-kuss seeds, ½ a seer. Scrape the cocoanut, take the

milk from half, and make a syrup with it and the sugar; when thick enough to fall in lumps from the spoon, add the remaining half of the scraped cocoanuts and kuss-kuss, simmer till a little dropped into water will harden, pour into a buttered soup plate.

Will make 2 lbs. of sweetmeat.

Varieties.

To remove burn stains from linen.

Peel and slice two onions and pound them to extract the juice, then cut up half an ounce of white soap, add two ounces of fuller's earth, mix the whole together with half a pint of vinegar. Boil all together for a short time, and when cold spread over the stain. Repeat this until the stain is quite removed.

To clean glass windows.

A very simple method is to damp a good-sized piece of paper, and rub all over the glass well, then dry with a soft cloth and polish the glass with a leather.

Four things make us happy here:

" Health is the first good lent to men;
A gentle disposition then;
Next to be richly no byways;
Lastly with friends to enjoy our days."

ROBERT HERRICK.

At a small county church a newly-married couple were receiving some advice from the clergyman about their future conduct. "You must never both get cross at once," said he. "It is the husband's duty to protect his wife, and a wife must love, honour and obey her husband, and follow him wherever he goes." "But Sir——," pleaded the young bride. "I have not finished," remarked the clergyman, annoyed at the interruption, "She must—." "But, please, Sir, cannot you alter that last part? My husband is a postman."

"A knowledge of useful things, of which others are ignorant, is never considered an excuse for an ignorance of trifles that are generally known."

HORACE SMITH.

An exchange of compliments.

Servant: "Mr. Smith's compliments, and will Mr. Jones kindly shoot his dog, which howls all night and is a perfect nuisance to the neighbourhood."

Mr. Jones: "Give my compliments to Mr. Smith, and ask him if he will be good enough to poison his daughter, who plays the piano all day and is driving us all crazy."

Excitable Bachelor: "Run for the police," quick!

There is some one being murdered in your house."

Married man: "That is all right, old chap; it is only my wife bathing the baby."

"They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world next to the last throw for eternity." JEREMY TAYLOR.

Editorial Notes.

Our New Columns.

With the March number, we have opened out five new columns in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*:—*Friendly Chats; Home Talks; Our Needlework Column: Our Cookery Column;* and *Varieties.* These columns are intended to supply various facts of useful information, which will be gathered from different sources. We hope our readers will approve of this new departure and be interested in it. Often the information will contain items of English interest; but we hope this will not be disapproved of; because it will suggest pleasant innovations into our own methods of living.

For instance, in cookery, there are many English dishes, which will be welcomed on the Indian table, and which our Indian housewives can easily learn to prepare.

We hope also that our readers will, from time to time, supply us with any information they may like to give on these matters.

A Speech in England on the Education of Indian Women.

At a meeting of the Muhammadan Anglo-Oriental College Society at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, Mr. Theodore Morrison, ex-principal of the College at Aligarh, gave a lecture on the providing of Indian women with the same Western

education, which is given to their male relatives. Mr. Morrison seemed to deplore the fact that Western civilization is advancing too rapidly in India, because, he said, that, "in these days of steam and electricity, backward systems were exposed without the protection of gradual assimilation to the shattering impact of Western civilization, and the effect of the invasion was not to stimulate, but to destroy indigenous culture," as seen by the evidence that "many Anglicised Indians resented the suggestion that they should seek any inspiration from Indian or Asiatic literature."

This change had hitherto not affected Indian home-life so much, because the women had been kept aloof from Western education, but now that the women were giving in to the latter, there was no doubt that the Anglicising tendency would extend over the whole of India. It will be seen from this that the lecturer was more sorry than pleased at the advance of female education. He recognised the fact however, which is not acceded to by all, that a revolution in Indian society will become a real revolution, and not a mere mechanical change, only if the *zenana* is converted by the revolution. But his recognition of this fact does not lead him to be a great advocate of the education of the women of India. He does not say as Rao Bahadur K. Viresalinga Pantulu, our strenuous Social Reformer, whose opinion has so much weight among us, said on a recent occasion;—"Females are generally kept in ignorance and are deprived of many privileges which their sisters freely enjoy in almost all the civilized countries. Until we raise them to our level by giving them liberal education and granting them their just privileges which they must possess by their birth-right, we can never rise in the estimation of civilised nations and become fit to get the privileges which we so ardently desire. It thus becomes the bounden duty of every educated Hindu to try to raise them from the depths of misery and ignorance to which they are sunk and to bring them to a higher level."

Mr. Morrison's view of female education in India, at the present time, is rather a pity. The danger in any movement becomes a thing to be feared only when the movement is well forward. The fear of it should not be advanced at the beginning, especially when it is a danger that can easily be guarded against at the commencement. The promoters of the education of Indian women will indeed be greatly discouraged by such a view as Mr. Morrison's. He attributes the resistance made by Indian women to Western education to "scruples of delicacy, which might have been mistaken, but were certainly not inspired by any base motive." I wish the scruples were "scruples of delicacy and not the resistance of indifference, indolence, carelessness and cowardice. Then the scruples could easily be overcome by showing the ladies that a real education does not destroy delicacy, but rather increases it.

Mr. Morrison goes on to put forward the question whether Indian ladies can be given an acquaintance with English books and English ideas and yet be preserved from the proselytizing action of European thought. Can they be given an education which will build up in time a wise conservatism? I think the best answer of Indians would be that of course such an education could be imparted. Mr. Morrison says: "If the education of the women was to be *mutatis mutandis* a counterpart of the purely Western education the men had received, what chances would remain of a survival of definitely Indian traditions? Before Indian society as a distinct type thus went to ground he would like to inquire whether there was not something worth saving in Indian home life, something which we should not care to abandon without a struggle. Things that needed mending did not necessarily need ending and he feared lest the reformers in their impatience of admitted evils should tear down the whole fabric of the Indian home in order to build it up again upon a Western model. If the education of the women followed the same purely European lines as that of their husbands and brothers, the Indian social type which had survived for so many centuries would be in danger of annihilation."

The danger of Anglicising is of course an ever-present one. But I think there is more fear of it for men than for women, at least at this present stage. At the present time, the imparting of Western education will be productive only of good. It is at a later stage that evil has to be apprehended. And even then, I believe that the instinct of Indian women will keep them safe. Whatever may be the outer changes, the inward heart will be Indian.

In the discussion after the lecture, the innate conservatism of women was advanced as a reason for the belief that there is less danger in the changes now taking place than Mr. Morrison anticipates. I think this is true. The conservatism of Indian women will keep them from losing their *Indianism*—if such a word can be used. But I hope it will not cause them to keep to their present ignorance and entrench themselves against the encroaches of education, whether Western or Eastern.

We await with pleasure and eager anticipation the paper that Miss Fyzee (our "Shahinda") will read in England on this subject at the next meeting of the Anglo-Oriental College Society.

'The New Asiatic Review.'

We welcome with pleasure the appearance of this journal, edited by Mr. C. M. Barrow, M.A., and Mr. J. C. Adam, Bar-at-Law. The two numbers, which have been published, contain instructive articles and fully realise the journal's object, which is to "offer the public at moderate cost interesting and up-to-date original articles on literary, scientific, medical, legal, economical and educational subjects. Political, religious and personal topics will be debarred. Considerable attention will be paid to the interesting subject of Criminology, and interesting competitions for prizes will be introduced. In fact the aim of the journal is a wide one : the publication of articles by experts in various branches written in a more or less popular style to enable members of one profession or calling to follow more readily the views of those belonging to another, our intention being not to cater for a class, but for all classes of educated people. We do not insist upon contributions necessarily falling strictly within any one of the main heads enumerated above; everything of sufficient value will be welcomed on any subject of general interest."

As a leading paper says of this journal :

" Strange as it may seem in India while there are innumerable political and partisan dailies, weeklies, and bi-weeklies, conducted and owned by Englishmen, there is not one really high-class, literary monthly so owned or even edited by them. Of course there is the solitary exception of the *Calcutta Review*. But bearing in mind the vast field which India holds out alike to the dreamy philosopher, and the storming theologian, the extreme politician and the professed conservative, the quiet man of letters and the zealous explorer of commercial wealth—bearing this in mind—it is a wonder that no European has as yet come forward to institute in our midst a good, thoughtful, substantial literary periodical, with the solitary exception mentioned above."

We welcome *The New Asiatic Review* therefore and wish its Editors every success.

Selections.

I.—THE PALGHAT LADIES' ASSOCIATION.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

The following is the text of the paper read by Mrs. A. P. Krishnan before the Palghat Ladies' Association :

It is much to be regretted that India, which of all countries in the world was the first to attain to a high state of civilisation, and which at one time was adorned by a number of highly cultured women, should now be so very backward in point of female education. In ancient times there were in India many women, who in point of education were on a footing of perfect equality with men. History and the ancient Puranas clearly tell us that in India there were highly educated women able to compose poems, women who possessed much skill in drawing and painting, nay more, there were a few who even governed countries and figured prominently in battles in which they had to command. A country which in former times boasted of many educated women has now fallen so very low in female education, and Europe, which in those ancient days was in a very backward state as regards education of both men and women, has now in her turn attained high distinction as a civilised country. The women of Europe who are now in India express their great regret at the present comparatively low state of their sisters in this country and they are now engaged in making several attempts to re-kindle the light of female education which had totally died out in India since many years. Notwithstanding all that these sisters have done towards the end, the Hindus, I regret to observe, have not yet opened their eyes to the importance of the subject.

European ladies impart proper education to their girls in order that they may, when the proper time comes, be able to satisfactorily perform their duties as daughters, wives and mothers. They have come to their present high state of perfection by imparting proper education to their girls and they are now almost on a footing of equality with men. Indians, on the other hand, think that a woman's sphere is confined to her house, and household duties are the only duties which she need care about; and instead of imparting to their girls education which would enable them, when the time comes, to perform satisfactorily the above mentioned duties in the world, bind them up with the fetters of early marriage, and confine them in their homes which form a sort of prison to these unfortunate creatures, keeping them in abject slavery to their lords—men. What do these unfortunate women know about Nature and her wonders and the power of the Almighty ? Their eyes are closed for want of education, and the result is that they are unable to learn the treasures of wisdom contained in books written by great learned men.

Oh! my dear sisters! Education is a wealth which would enable you to discharge your household duties more satisfactorily. It is a great folly to reject education as unbecoming in a woman. Education is a light that dispels the darkness of the human mind. Even the best of diamonds do not shine unless they are cut and polished. Similarly the human mind is to be made bright by the polish which education gives to it. Precious stones are of different kinds and of different brilliancy and the human mind may well be compared to them. It is improved and made bright by education. A woman by education gets her mind expanded, and is able to acquire much information by reading instructive books, conversing with learned people and thus learning much of the world. A woman who is naturally intelligent, if she also becomes learned, is able to do her household duties better. She proves a valuable companion and helpmate to her husband and a good mother to her

children. She will not waste her time. A woman without education will not be able to discharge her duties such as attendance on her husband, the upbringing of her children, etc., as satisfactorily as an educated woman. Keeping one's house with strict regard to rules of sanitation, proper treatment of servants, and dependants, proper reception of guests, consoling the afflicted and the sick, showing presence of mind in times of difficulty and danger—these are the duties which an uneducated woman cannot be expected to do like her educated sister. Children learn to fear and respect God, and learn good manners, kind disposition, and morality from their educated mothers, while from an uneducated mother children learn all sorts of bad principles, disobedience, jealousy, hatred, deceit, cunningness, etc. As children receive their first education from the mother, it is very desirable that she should be an educated woman. Unless our girls of to-day, who are our grown-up women of to-morrow, are trained properly from their infancy we can never hope for the progress and prosperity of our country. Our country can never hope to rise without the education of its women and all well-wishers of this land should therefore devote their attention to the very important subject.

The great spread of education among men alone would be of very little use to our country. Side by side there ought to be corresponding progress in the education of women, and then and then alone India can hope to rise in the scale of nations, and to be recognised as a cultured and civilised nation by those other civilised countries. (Applause).

II.—THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL ON EDUCATION.

The ceremony of the distribution of prizes to the successful boys of the Alexandra Nobles' School, Bhopal, was held recently in the Benazir Palace, one of the finest palaces in Bhopal. Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal personally presided and gave away the prizes. Her Highness was closely veiled, and was received in the Durbar room by those present, while the State band played the National Anthem. When the audience had taken their seats the Principal of the Nobles' School, Mr. C. H. Payne, M.A., requested Her Highness's permission to open the proceedings and read his report for the last year in English, a translation in Urdu being read by the Head Master of the school. The report described the curriculum of studies, bestowed praise on the work of some of the boys and appealed to the Jaghirdars to support the school by sending their sons to it.

Her Highness the Begum then said:—"It is a matter of pride to me to find that the first introduction of education in Bhopal was made by my grandmother, Nawab Sikander Begum, a member of my own sex. The first school founded in the State was called Sulamania after my sister's name, and it undertook to teach some vernacular and classical languages. Her valuable efforts to propagate education were fortunately continued by my mother, Nawab Shah Jehan Begum, who, particularly in this respect, followed in her mother's footsteps, founding the Jehangiria School in commemoration of her father's name. It was originally meant for religious instruction, but in order to raise its standard and worth, I subsequently ordered the inclusion of certain other subjects in its curriculum, and had the English branch of the Sulamania School attached thereto. Consequently it is now a High School affiliated to the Allahabad University. Along with other schools, the Jehangiria school also has already undergone many changes and reforms in my days, and I am sanguine in my hopes that it will grow and expand still further, only if the people of Bhopal are keen enough to give higher education to the children.

"The enthusiasm and zeal displayed by my affectionate mother in the cause of education are evident. Besides many other measures adopted by her to draw her subjects' attention towards education, one was to order deductions from the incomes of such Jagirdars and officials in the State as were indifferent to their children's education. Her sincere endeavours and generous patronage not being responded to with equal zest gave her cause for disappointment, and consequently she had to abandon her plans for the amelioration of her nobles, but I find nothing that could divert my best attention from this noble cause, so long as I hold, which I shall always do, that the prosperity of my people is dependent solely on education. The fact that an uneducated man is incapable of performing his worldly duties as well as of comprehending the spirit of his religion, led our Prophet to enjoin on his followers the necessity of education in the following words: 'It is incumbent on every Muslim man or woman to acquire knowledge.'

"India being still in the slough of ignorance, parents, as is natural, do not attach due importance to education. The money that would be better spent on the education of their children is being wasted otherwise, and enormous debts are incurred daily to meet unnecessary demands. Their reluctance to support this noble cause with even a farthing is deplorable indeed. Too much love and fondness shown by ignorant mothers have spoilt many a child and wasted numerous valuable lives. Yet there are some, on the other hand, who, blessed with the divine gift of wisdom and embellished with the ornament of education, are taking full advantage of the benignity of the British rule by spending money lavishly on the useful and sound training of their children in distant countries. Gentlemen, I wish it to be understood that I shall not see the education of my people hampered like those imprudent mothers, but I shall ever be vigilant like a benign mother to provide all possible means for their sound education, and if in spite of this I find my subjects not benefiting themselves by these facilities, I, like the same benign mother, shall be compelled to have recourse to stringent measures to set them right. I am confident that my sons will also follow in the footsteps of their mother, and patronise and foster the cause of education to their utmost.

"Gentlemen, it is well-known to you all that high education in these days involves considerable expense, and it is the full consciousness of this fact that I am encouraging free education by taking off all pecuniary burden from the shoulders of the parents. A large number of scholarships is awarded to the deserving scholars in order to leave no plea for the lack of interest in education. Students receive education in the Nobles' School free of all charges, and the school is maintained at an annual expenditure of nearly Rs. 20,000. A magnificent new building is being constructed to meet the requirements of this

institution, and is estimated to cost nearly one lakh of rupees.

"Gentlemen, I would like to explain to you that this enormous expenditure is not incurred only for the sake of my youngest son, Hamid Ullah Khan, as Mr. Payne would have been quite sufficient for his instruction and training, and there would have been no necessity of other teachers and this grand building. Other arrangements could have easily been made at the Dally College, Indore, or the Mayo College, Ajmere. But I have kept my son here so that the Jagirdars and high officials of the State may follow my example and reap the benefits of education by sending their sons to the school. But I regret to remark that in spite of all this the attendance of boys is not quite satisfactory as Mr. Payne's report shows. All my warnings and injunctions have proved futile in this direction, and I have at last given orders that a part of the income of the students and their parents should be cut off, if the former unreasonably absent themselves from the school, and the money thus obtained may be spent towards the education and scholarships of the promising students. If even after this the people, and especially the Jagirdars, do not pay sufficient attention to education. I shall be compelled to adopt the same strict measures as the Emperor of Japan had done for the weal of his people. It is very deplorable to find that the Mohamedans of to-day do not fully realise the value of education and are heedless of the injunctions even of their revered Prophet. History bears evidence that at one time not only men but women also were educated in the then existing arts and sciences. Our benign and benevolent British Government has lavishly spent money in establishing educational institutions all over the country, but the Muhammadans do not derive as much benefit from the generosity of the Government as they ought to do; some Native States like Mysore, Baroda, and Gwaliors are very well advanced, and I hear that the subjects of these States take full advantage of the liberality of their rulers, but I regret to find that my subjects are totally indifferent and averse from education.

"Gentlemen, it is regrettable that the subjects of Bhopal, owing to their neglect and carelessness in the matter of education, should find themselves with small posts in the States I feel sorry when I think how many among my subjects are incapable of holding any posts of responsibility. Under such circumstances I am compelled to call men from outside to carry on the executive and judicial work of the State, there being a dearth of educated men among the Jagirdars and other respectable families. They are equally averse to trade and industry. Their ease-loving natures have compelled them to give up even their traditional sports and pastimes like riding, lance throwing and rifle practice which are so dear to the Afghan. All this is due to want of education. The only remedy, to begin with, is that all sensible men should try to turn out their sons into good officials, and qualify them for state service by giving them a sound education. By education I do not mean that the students should be made to learn like parrots a few books by heart, and thus prove themselves no better than an animal carrying some books on its back. On the other hand, true education is a blessing for a man, it illumines his mind and it is with the light of knowledge that he can realise his own position, recognise the existence of God and his prophets, and distinguish between good and bad; it teaches him to obey and serve with sincere loyalty, frees him from narrow-minded prejudices, and instils in him a spirit of self-respect, honesty, rectitude, love and benevolence and it leads to refinement and culture. Religion being a most essential part of complete education I have included it in the curriculum of all my schools. Sufficient provision has been made for religious instructions in the Alexandra Nobles' School where special care is taken to teach the students good morals and obedience to their religious laws. The Sulamania and the Wakfia Madrasas have been found to teach Arabic literature and Muhammadan theology to those who wish to qualify themselves for the posts of Kazis and Muftis in the State.

"It appears from the Principal's report, gentlemen, that although the year under review is the first year of the school's existence, and he has had to contend with many difficulties incidental to the inception of every undertaking, the work of the school has been satisfactory, and I hope that the efforts of Mr. Payne and his colleagues will be crowned with greater success, and the school will show better results next year. I congratulate the boys who have by their diligence and labour won prizes to-day. I hope that they will try to deserve better rewards in the future, and that those, who have failed to win any on this occasion, will endeavour even to excel their successful friends.

"Gentlemen, as the examination drew near, it was with no little concern that I noticed my son Hamid Ullah Khan working hard for it, and I assure you that while I prayed for his success I also prayed to God to make other parents and guardians feel equal anxiety for the success of their sons so that all of them may become educated and fit for service in the State. I am glad to find that Hamid Ullah Khan has obtained very good marks in each subject, and as a token of my gratification, I will present him on this occasion with a painting of my own hand with many other prizes besides those he has won at the school, hoping that he will try to set a good example to others always."

III.—THE IDEAL OF HINDU WOMANHOOD

WITH PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR ITS REALIZATION.

THE GAIKWAD PRIZE ESSAY.

[*By Mrs. Susila Tahl Ram.*]

(Continued from our last issue.)

Household Management:—One's name is full of duties which occupy the mind from morning until night. Every mistress is a sovereign of her house, and on her gracious will the comforts and the refinement of the establishment depend. One of the pleasantest features of Hindu custom is the daily ablution, the irreproachable cleanliness with which food is prepared, combined with a polished kitchen and burnished pots and pans. With such scrupulous cleanliness in some things, it is really astounding how indifferent Hindus are, and particularly the women,

towards sanitary arrangement and the general order of the house. They have become so habituated to disorderly living, and the constant puffs of foul smells, that they consider general cleanliness, with everything dusted and rightly adjusted, of little consequence. When the mere contact of a low caste makes the 'twice-born' cleanse himself by an extra dip in the stream then how comes this laxity in their life? There is no doubt that it is due to want of proper training. To commit to memory the benefit of cleanliness, &c., is one thing, but to bring that instruction into one's home is to surround one with pleasant comforts and respectability.

In European schools, a girl is gradually brought up in the minor duties. In a large dormitory a girl has her allotted space. Every morning she makes her own bed neatly, and sees that her wardrobe is in perfect order with everything in the right place. When the 'wash' arrives, each linen is examined, and the torn clothes laid aside for mending. After study, the books are carefully put into the desk. No towel, no handkerchief, nothing, in fact, is allowed to be scattered carelessly here and there, and even ink stains are met with a rebuff. Infringement of the general rules has its merited reward in various kinds of punishment. Moreover, a monthly report of the general studies as well as of general conduct is sent to parents showing the progress or carelessness of the scholars.

When a girl goes home for the holidays, she is not permitted to fall into lax ways, but with the help of the mother, she learns many useful things pertaining to life. Thus when at the age of twenty or more she marries, she is able to manage a large establishment with ease and elegance.

Department:—The manners of good society are also an inestimable branch of education. Unfortunately, this subject is sadly neglected among us. Even Hindu teachers make unpleasant mistakes; and unless this subject is studied they cannot possibly guide their pupils. Good manners are the æsthetic counterparts of good morals," says a great writer. "Manners maketh a man and a pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation." This subject ought, certainly, to be introduced into schools.

Propriety in Dress:—The sari is a very graceful dress. But it entirely loses its beauty when one sees a lady with the veil deep drawn over her face; while, as there is no under-linen beneath her gossamer-dress, the whole of her delicate figure remains exposed. This custom is hardly in keeping with the purdah system. To observe purdah and at the same time to allow women to dress in a manner that is hardly conformable with good taste is being more than inconsistent. In the Punjab women are permitted to bathe nude in the open air; while, in other parts of India they werar a sari but so thin is it that when they come out of the stream, the very hairs of the body may be counted. In this matter the men ought to exercise better judgment and not purchase gossamer-like saris. Moreover, the elders should not allow the women to go about even inside the zenana without some under linen beneath their dress.

Needle work.—Plain work should be more encouraged than fancy work for this will always be found useful in homes. To perfect a girl in Needle-work, she should go through two or more samplers. This method would enable her to stitch well, get accustomed to making good button-holes and to give a good finish to the entire piece of work. Indian fancy work should be more encouraged than foreign, as this could be better utilised among the Hindus. In knitting; in Berlin work; and in crewel work care should be taken to harmonise colours and anything so distasteful as socks, &c., knitted in purple and green wool should not be allowed.

It would be advisable to encourage religious and secular instruction in the vernacular and to keep Sanskrit as the second language until education is more general among the people, it is better to have the instruction given to girls moderate, with subjects that have some bearing on the life of the pupils, and see that what is taught is largely brought into practical use.

Secular Instruction:—Girls from Six to Ten.

1. Reading; Writing; Dictation; Letter-writing; Elementary Grammar.
2. Readers containing general subjects; Poetry.
3. Arithmetic, Enumeration to Division.
4. Science of Household Management, Deportment.
5. Concise Geography—India and Great Britain.
6. Outlines of Indian History.
7. Sanskrit, Second language, Singing.

To Girls from Eleven to Sixteen or more.

1. Grammar; Composition, Poetry.
2. Readers, Heroes and Heroines from the Mahabharat—Todd's Rajasthan and sketches from Modern Japan and England.
3. Arithmetic. Rule of Three to Stock.
4. Science of Household Management and Household Economy. Deportment.
5. Geography—India, Great Britain and Japan.
6. Indian History—Vedic Period, Mahommedan and British Rule.
7. English optional and taught to those who are likely to make use of it.
8. Sanskrit second language.

SINGING.

2. Instruction after Marriage.

Parents, and particularly the male members, as the women being uneducated are incapable of attending to this part of their duty, should take an interest in the studies of the girls, and see their daily lessons are properly prepared before school hours.

Many girls are married before the age of ten; while some are, fortunately, permitted to stay on in school much longer. When girls are withdrawn from school there is no necessity for their studies to come to a close. In fact, they should not cease; and where there is a will, there can be found a way to continue what is desirable.

For Home-instruction an elderly, experienced teacher should be engaged to instruct the married girls. He may follow the prescribed books in the curriculum of a girls' school, or ground them in a number of well-chosen subjects. In this manner they would not only retain what they had learned in school, but by time being usefully employed, their knowledge would enlarge. The elders of the family, as the father, brother, husband, &c., ought, really, to reserve some more of their precious time than they are accustomed

to do, for the benefit of those who live in the folds of purdah. Even through a pleasant conversation on the topics of the day, much useful information could be conveyed to them, and no opportunity should be lost to take the ladies to places of interest.

3. Instruction to Widows.

In Europe, as there are more women than men, thousands of girls never get the chance to marry, and they die 'old maids.' Like the old maids of Europe, there are child widows and widows in India, with this difference that the life of the old maid is made pleasant and endurable while that of a Hindu widow is made miserable and unendurable. Let us glance for a moment at the life of the old maid. An Englishwoman has, say, six daughters. Much as she may desire and plan, but ten chances to one she will never succeed in securing husbands for all of them. It is, probable, that three may marry, and the other three be left on her hands until death parts them. In consequence of this, does the mother grumble and make their existence a long-drawn agony? Certainly not. She adopts a wiser course, and helps them to spend their period of life more profitably.

Having received a liberal education, the girls take up one of those subjects for which they have a special taste. For instance, one lady will devote four to six hours of the day in painting; another to music, &c., and the discreet mother will give them every opportunity to perfect themselves, by the aid of capable masters, by visits to Art Galleries, and by attending concerts to listen to the famous musicians of the day. Eventually, the young lady untilises the Art she has studied, and if her parents happen to fall into difficulties, she will, by her pleasant labour, and her mite help towards the support of the family. Thus, years roll on, and the old maid being usefully engaged, time does not hang heavily on her hands, nor does she feel her solitary-life so keenly as the Hindu child-widow is made to do.

The saddest bereavement in life is to lose one's 'all-in-all' and particularly for a Hindu girl who is brought up with little education and less of self-reliance. To a Hindu girl the loss of her husband is something more than the agonies of Sati. Nevertheless, even this grief could be borne with equanimity, with consistency and in accordance to the Divine will, if only custom and the treatment of relations were less poignant than the visitation of death. On every occasion the poor widow is made to feel her unprotected position; and as she is ill-prepared to take her future into her own keeping, she cannot safely battle her way through life single-handed. To bring some sunshine into her darkened existence, a few liberal-minded reformers advocate the Re-marriage of widows, and particularly of child-widows. But Hindus are opposed to this step, and men are not forthcoming to share their lot with the 'unlucky' beings.

As circumstances stand, it is not advisable to stake their happiness solely on re-marriage; nor should this subject be discussed in the presence of ignorant widows. To do this is to raise hopes in their minds, which if unfulfilled, would lead to much grief—a grief that is likely to work more harm than good. "Work is the grand cure of all diseases," and the safer plan is to educate the widows and to help them to employ their time and money more profitably than as a 'domestic drudge,' or to frit their precious hours in fasts and pilgrimages. I suggested before that until education becomes more popular the instruction given to Hindu girls should be moderate. But in order that widows should command the same respect as the Brahmavadinis of the Vedic Period, and be as useful as they were, their education should be of a higher standard. Being educated, they are likely to stand a better chance of being re-married; and if that was not in their own common sense would guide them to be useful to their relations and to society at large.

It is education and education alone that can redeem India from the superstitious bondage she is entangled in, as well as revive the buried ideals of our ancient teachers to illumine our homes. Awake, Young India! Blot out the discord of selfishness and let harmony reign again in this fair land of ours. Arise, and assist in the elevation of women, for your happiness, your progress are bound up in those of your sisters. Yes, my brothers, let the sacred halo of knowledge rest once more on the family hearth, and its genial beams radiate from heart to heart.

"There is no religion like charity," our Shastras teach, and "the deepest happiness, the real bliss lies in giving," giving knowledge.

"I followed happiness to make her mine,

* * *

I traversed swiftly every land and sea,
But always happiness eluded me.
Exhausted, fainting, I pursued no more,
But sank to rest upon a barren shore.
One came and asked for food, and for alms;
I placed the bread and gold in bony palms.
One came for sympathy, and one for rest;
I shared with every needy one my best;
When, lo! Sweet happiness, with form divine,
Stood by me, whispering softly, I am thine.'"

IV.—PERSONAL ELEMENT IN SPIRITUAL LIFE.

A lecture by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu.

Here is the full text of the speech delivered by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, at the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj hall.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who, on rising, was received with loud applause, said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Two days ago, when I was invited to address you my first impulse was to refuse the responsible honour of addressing so cultured an audience without any time for due preparation, for I am not a public speaker at all, and the few occasions on which it has been necessary for me to appear in public, it was entirely from a sense of duty, and it was in the capacity of President which allowed me to indulge in the happy brevity of speech. But when it was put to me that I was to address the students of Calcutta at one of their weekly gatherings, I was constrained to consent in the words of the poet, 'with all my heart but much against any will." I intend to address you not in any formal manner but to speak to you a few friendly words as coming to students from a student, one whose perennial lessons are learnt "from every bird that sings and from every wind that blows and to whom the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that lie too deep for tears." It is to you the young in the audience, that my

remarks are chiefly addressed, for ever as it is your privilege to be the heirs of the glorious yesterdays of the world, it is even more your privilege and responsibility to be the stewards and trustees of to-morrow. You are the inheritors of unfulfilled greatness and we look to you to complete worthily the work that our fathers have begun. (Applause). The title of the subject is the "Personal Element in Spiritual Life," and by the word "spiritual" I do not mean merely the religious or ethical side but even the highest ideal of manhood or womanhood. At this great moment, when there is abroad so much enthusiasm and when all the best energies and ambitions of the people of India are directed towards the re-establishing of the social and political ideals of the country, it is well for us to remember that no results are of any lasting value that are not obtained by the light of the spirit. (Uproar at the lower end of the hall due to excess of over-crowding) I refuse to speak unless there is silence. I say that all the glories of Greece and all the grandeur that was of Rome have perished because of want of this light of the spirit. But the advancing hope for the salvation of India lies in this magnificent fact that our civilisation in the past was highly spiritual and the powers of the spirit, though they may be dimmed, can never die. (Applause.) I want you to realise all of you who are here present that each of you is an indispensable spark in the rekindling of the manifold fires of National life. Many of you, I have no doubt, are acquainted with the great Persian poet and astronomer Omas Khygam, whose beautiful poetry is equally the wonder and delight of East and West. Some there are who say he is somewhat of a *Sofi* and more that he was merely a dreamer of dreams, but whether he was a *Sofi* or a dreamer of dreams his teachings and his singings of lore among the roses and *bulbuls* of the Persian gardens have contributed to the literature of the world one immortal phrase which might stand for the very epigram of the scriptures. It might stand for the very essence of all the spiritual and secular doctrine and traditions handed down to man about the personal element in spiritual life. He says in his wonderful Rubyat :—

> I sent my soul into the invisible,
> Some letter of that after life to spell,
> And by and by my soul returned to me
> Answered, myself am heaven and hell.

Turn where you will, to the scriptures of the Hindus or the mandates of Zoaraster, Koran of the Mahomedans, to the teachings of Christ or the teachings of Lord Buddha under a Bo tree, you will find this great point of unity among them, that in all these religions the greatest emphasis is laid on two essential points. First, terrible individual responsibility of every human being for his own aims and for his own destiny ; and secondly, the unique and incommunicable personal relationship with its Master Spirit. The life of the spirit is not a thing that we can attain, but it is interwoven like a golden thread through the very fabric of our existence. I want you to realise, my friends, that even so that there is a state of divinity which it is possible, nay, it is necessary, that we must develop up to its full fire of godhead. There is no one among you so weak or so small that he is not necessary to the divine scheme of eternal life. There is no one among you so small, so frail, so insignificant that he cannot contribute to the divinity of the world. If he should fail, let him fail. Does success or failure count for anything in the life of the spirit? No; it is endeavour that is the very soul of life. You all remember that when Napoleon, the greatest hero of the 19th century, was taunted with his lack of ancestry, how superbly he held up his head and said "I am the ancestor," I hope that each of you has that self-knowledge and that self-reverence that enables you to say "I am the ancestor." For it is the bounden duty of every human being to contribute something individual and distinct to the sum total of the world's progress to justify his existence (hear, hear, and applause)—and is there any among you so small in spirit that he will not realise the dictum that Plato sent forth into the world.—Man know thyself. Self-knowledge is only the first step in the ultimate destiny of man. You, sons of India, whom I speak to to-day and you daughters whom I am also addressing, know that you are responsible for the call upon you for ennobled lives, not merely for the glory and prosperity of your country, but for the higher patriotism that says the world is my country and all men are my brothers. You must ask for the larger vision that looks beyond the fleeting pomps and glories of to-day and knows that the destiny of the souls lies in immortality and eternity. Friends, it is not for me to speak to you no better than I can tell you what an infinity of divinity is hidden within you. It is not for you to pray in secret, and to reverence that beauty within your lives, those divine principles that inspire us. It is for you to be the prisms of the love of God.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

We are glad to see that Bombay is well within sight of a High School for Hindu girls. From the proceedings in the High Court which we print elsewhere, it will be seen that on the application of Mr. Nanu Kothare, the sole surviving trustee of the estate of Chanda Ramji, a Lohana gentleman, who died many years ago, the High Court has sanctioned the use of the surplus of about 4 lakhs of rupees, which remained after providing for the objects indicated by the testator, for the establishment of a High School for Hindu girls. The nominations to the first Board of Directors of the school will have to be approved by the Advocate-General. There is a strong desire for a Hindu Girls' High School in Bombay, and we trust that, now that the funds are available, a really first class institution will be started, which will serve as a model for the whole country. It is impossible to overestimate the influence which a well-ordered institution can exert on the development of Hindu womanhood. The existing Girls' Schools are far too much mere imitations of Boys' Schools, with a little music and calisthenics thrown in. They have no definite ideal before them of the type of young women they wish to turn out, who should be valuable aids in the progress of the societies to which they belong. We are afraid that too many of the girls who pass through our schools, emerge from them with extremely shallow notions of life and their responsibilities in it. We should aim at producing an earnest, sympathetic and broad-minded type of women who will realise their responsibilities in the great work of national regeneration.

There are in the Maharani's College a large number of outsiders receiving education. They are located in different parts of the City and in houses which are as bad and insanitary as insanitary houses can be. The Government have made arrangements for hostels even for District Schools. An Institution like the Maharani's College should have a hostel where provision may be made for dining, boarding and the supervision of the studies of lady students. The lady Superintendent and some respectable elderly ladies should be asked to form themselves into a Committee to supervise the hostel. Plague has now broken out and we lost in times past some promising outside students from plague. We hope the Government of Mysore will lose no time to make arrangements for the establishment of a lady students' hostel in connection with the Maharani's College.

At the recent Prize Distribution at St. Teresa's Convent, Ernakulam, an interesting feature was the presence of a young Nayar lady. Miss K. Kunhu Kutty, daughter of Mr. Justice Marar, of Cochin, at the piano, accompanying the junior pupils in the garland drill and song. Miss Kunhu Kutty also acquitted herself very creditably in the other pieces she took part in, and as this was the first occasion in which a Hindu lady was seen at the piano in Native Cochin, she naturally excited the interest of the audience, and was the centre of attraction. The other young ladies, too, deserve great praise for the admirable way in which they went through their respective parts.

In Burma female education is making continued progress. It is almost entirely in the hands of aided bodies or individuals and it is said that separate schools for girls are not essential for the spread of female education in that province. The total number of girls under instruction in all primary schools was 42,816, of whom nearly a third were attending the 440 girls' schools. About 300 Mahomedan girls were under instruction.

A Begum on Education.—When an Indian ruling princess appears in public, though veiled, to advocate the cause of education, one cannot but take heart that public life in India is a fact. The Begum of Bhopal presided at the prize distribution of the Alexandra Nobles' School established some years ago to impart education to the sons of nobles and the gentry. Nothing could be better indicative of the genuine interest in education of Her Highness than the regret she expressed at being compelled to call men from outside to carry on the executive and judicial work of the State. Her people, she regretted to say, were equally averse to trade and industry. She believed firmly that the prosperity of her people was dependent solely on education. This creed of hers she meant to force upon the people if they were not willing to subscribe to it. This not only by taking off all preliminary burden from the shoulders of parents of deserving but poor students, but by cutting off a part of the income of the students and their parents, if the former unreasonably absented themselves. This measure would become more and more stingent as the ease-loving aristocracy neglected to educate their children. Her Highness is anxious to emulate the Emperor of Japan in spreading education among her people. For the sake of her people she has not sent her son to Ajmere or Indore for education.

The Girls' School belonging to the Baptist Mission, and the local Female High School are doing good work in Bankipur towards the propagation of Female Education in Behar. Behar is still very backward in this respect and so we hope that the united efforts of these two schools will do no little in this direction. The only good girl who was sent up from the Female High School this year, passed in the first division obtaining a first grade scholarship of Rs. 16 a month. This school has now got a Head Mistress and she, we know, graduated in the Bethune College, Calcutta. She is a daughter of the late lamented missionary, the Rev. Kedar Nath Dey, who was a staunch follower of the great Brahmo leader, Keshub Chunder Sen.

A Ladies' Club has been started in Poona with the object of promoting social intercourse between European and Indian ladies. To advance the interests of the club a committee of prominent ladies has been formed, which includes, among Parsis, Mrs. Dorabji D. Bootee, Mrs. Byramji Padamji and Mrs. Dastur.

A Jain Ladies' Gathering.—A valued correspondent sends us the following from Ahmedabad.—The Ladies' Gathering held in this city in connection with the fifth session of the Jain Swetambar Conference on Tuesday last at the Conference Mandap was a brilliant success. Long before the appointed hour the spacious Mandap was filled up to its utmost capacity, and the audience numbered nearly 5,000 ladies, a major portion of whom belonged to the Jain community. A remarkable feature of the gathering, which was presided over by Shangar Shethani, wife of Sheth Jesanghbhi Hathesing was that it was open to the representatives of the Press. The Proceedings commenced with a short speech from the President, who after thanking the audience for the honour done to her called upon them to deliberate upon subjects that would raise them morally and materially. As a result of these deliberations it was resolved that in the opinion of the Conference it is necessary to establish institutions for giving mental, religious, moral and physical education to young girls as well as for giving industrial and religious instruction to grown up women so that they may be elevated to a higher level. In this connection, a splendid speech was delivered by Miss Anusuya Sarabhai Maganbhai Karamchand, who showed therein that she had a thorough and right grasp of the subject, *viz.*, education with which she dealt. Another noteworthy speech on the same subject was the one delivered by Mrs. Purshotumbhai Maganbhai Hathesing. She spoke at great length on it, and established the need of female education in order that woman may take her right place in the affairs of the world. It was also resolved that in the opinion of the Conference it is necessary to make some arrangements by which women may be taught their duties towards their husband, elders, children, relatives, &c. Several ladies spoke at some length on the necessity of eradicating some of the pernicious social customs such as early marriages, weeping and beating the breast after the dead, &c. Before the proceedings of the gathering came to a close Miss Anusuya spoke about

the need of starting a fund to be named "The Jain Swetambar Mahila Parishad Fund." Several ladies present contributed to this Fund, and as a result of it nearly Rs. 7,000 were subscribed on the spot. The gathering terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair.

THE HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.
MONTHLY REPORT FOR JANUARY 1907.

1. Mrs, Parvatibai Athavale commenced her work for the new year at Aurangabad. She had two meetings there, one of gentlemen and the other of ladies. Dr. Shiralkar and Messrs. Rale and Padhye rendered great help. After finishing her work at Aurangabad, Mrs. Athavale paid a second visit to Nasik on the occasion of the Makar Sankranti. She was introduced to H. H. the Chief of Devgad Baria in Kathiawad by Rao Bahadur Lalshankar Umiashankar, who was there at the time. The Chief was good enough to give a hearing to Mrs. Athavale and kindly gave Rs. 200 in the names of the two Ranis. The next station was Dhulia. A meeting of gentlemen was held at the local club, presided over by Rao Bahadur K. N. Bhangaokar, a retired Deputy Collector. About two hundred people attended. There was also a meeting of ladies at the house of R. B. Bhangaokar. Mrs. Athavale next visited Shirpur, a taluka town, in Khandesh. A meeting was held there and Rs. 85 collected. Another taluka town, Nandurbar was also visited. The Sub-Judge there presided at the public meeting. About Rs. 150 were collected there.

2. A meeting of the managing committee was held at the house of Principal R. P. Paranjpye to consider the annual report and to transact other business.

3. Besides the contribution from H. H. the Chief of Devgad Baria, two other contributions deserved special mention. Mrs. Laudge of Yeotmal in Berars sent Rs. 110 for a knitting machine. The money is the balance of an exhibition that was held there some time ago under the auspices of the ladies' club of that place. The second contribution of Rs. 101 came from Mr. K. S. Desai of Bombay.

4. A few gifts other than money have to be specially mentioned. The Alembic Chemical Works Company of Bombay has sent medicines worth Rs. 40. Mr. Melag of Poona sent nearly a palla of *dhonas* (coriander.) Mrs. Wagle of Indore sent a bag of wheat. And the ladies of Rajmachikar family sent 21 *Khans* pieces of bodice cloth.)

5. Seventy-two people visited the home during the month. Of these 7 were ladies, 54 gentlemen and 11 students. Among the distinguished visitors may be mentioned Mrs. Noble of the United States, America, Mrs. Balak Ram of Bombay, Miss A. Hurford, the former Lady Superintendent of the Female High School, Poona, and her friend, Mrs. Pope. There were 33 from Poona, 28 from the Deccan, 5 from Central Provinces, 3 each from Konkan, Bombay and Gujrat, 2 from the Southern Maratha States and one each from the United States, Berars, Carnatic and the Nizam's Dominions.

6. The total number of contributors during the month was 95 and the total amount of contribution came to Rs. 589.

THE VICTORIA MAY GIRLS' SCHOOL.—Our readers cannot have forgotten that exception had been taken to the choice of the Preliminary Committee for the site of the proposed Girls' High School in Lahore. The feeling of dissatisfaction was both general and strong; and we are glad to understand that the Lieutenant-Governor is prepared to abandon that site for another if a better one can be substituted for it. His Honour on Saturday last inspected two more sites, the Patiala House being one of these two. We think of the sites so far suggested this last is by far and away the best, being close to the city and yet not too near to be insanitary. The only difficulty—though it is a great difficulty—is that the Patiala State may not be willing to part with the House. But the locality is so excellent that it should not be given up without an earnest attempt having been made to secure it for the School. While we are on the subject, we may try to remove the impression which has got abroad that the Victoria May Girls' School will be a sort of counterpart to the Aitchison Chiefs College in every respect, and that respectable families of the middle classes will not be allowed to benefit by the institution. The fees charged will by no means be prohibitive and the School will be open to those who can pay these moderate fees for their tuition—only the Committee in charge will have to satisfy itself of the respectability of the family of every candidate coming forward for admission. With this reservation, the School will be open to all communities and creeds; and it may be prophesied that the middle classes will be the classes that will avail themselves most of its advantages.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Women's Training College Scheme, held at Bankipore recently, the Director of Public Instruction submitted a letter from Government, sanctioning the scheme for the establishment of a Training College at Bankipore. The subscription list was also submitted shewing that Rs. 720 a month for four years was already promised. Mr. Hasan Imam offered Rs. 1,200 a year for three years on certain conditions. It was decided to have a European Lady Principal, with a Mahomedan and a Hindu lady to be respectively responsible for the general custody of the girls of each community.

A GREAT HINDU LADY REFORMER.—The death of Mrs. Dhancoorbai, widow of Shet Madhavdas Raghunathdas, has removed from us a figure of a great Hindu lady reformer, scarcely known to our generation, but who, in the early sixties, stood martyr to the cause of Hindu widowhood. I cannot do better than reproduce the following interesting account of this noble lady. She belonged to a well-known family of the Kapole Bania caste—that of Shet Varjivandas Madhavdas. The great event in her life which had a highly important influence on Hindu Society in Bombay and Gujrat, and brought sunshine and happiness to many a forlorn girl-widow, was her marriage with Shet Madhavdas. Left a widow while yet a girl, she experienced the tribulations which are such a blot on Hindu social customs, especially when the victim belongs to a respectable family of high caste. She bore her trials with the characteristic resignation of the Hindu woman for many years, and her patience and gentleness in her grief evoked the admiration of the late Kursondas Mulji whose name is famous for the strenuous fight he waged against the Maharajas

of the Vallabhacharya sect, and in favour of purity and morality. His tender heart was touched by the miseries of the girl-widow. He it was who persuaded the late Shet Madhavdas to marry the young widow and thus set an example to his community. The difficulties which the brave couple had to face were enormous. The help of the police had to be invoked to prevent bodily harm being done to them and their supporters and friends by the upholders of orthodoxy. Among the latter prominent mention should be made of the late Mr. Sorabjee Shapurjee Bengalee, the late Mr. K. N. Kabrajee, and other leading members of the Parsi community, who stood by the side of the Hindu reformers.

Mr. and Mrs. Madhavdas were, of course, put out of caste. Attempts were made to ruin them socially and financially. But they faced their persecutors without being daunted in the least, and though they were never admitted back to caste, their calm and dignified attitude effectually disarmed their opponents. After an exceptionally happy married life, Dhancoorbai was left a widow fifteen years ago. After her husband's death, she carried on his noble work of helping poor girls who were widowed in their youth, and more than 60 such marriages were celebrated in the Widow Re-marriage Hall attached to her house. To those who were privileged to know her it was a marvel how young widows from Gujarat and Kathiavad flocked to her house, which was an asylum for all of them. She had a broad and cosmopolitan spirit and her home was ever open to reformers from all parts of the country.

A Widow Marriage at Mangalore. The first widow marriage in the district was celebrated with great success at Mangalore, on Friday. The bride, an educated young lady, is the grand daughter of Mr. Ullal Ragunathayya, the pioneer of social and religious reforms in S. Canara; and the bridegroom, Mr. H. Balakrishna Rao, is a Vakil of the High Court. Both parties belong to respectable Saraswat Brahmin families. There was a representative and influential gathering of ladies and gentlemen. Among those present were—Dewan Bahadur Pinto, Messrs. D. Ananthayya, J. L. Saldhana, retired Deputy Collector, K. Krishna Rao, retired Sub-Judge; Raghavendra Rao, Assistant Inspector of Schools, N. Subba Rao, Municipal Chairman; Dr. Vittal Rao, A. Sreenivas Poi, B. Venkat Rao, G. Krishna Rao, Narsing Bhandarkar, Venkatappa, Manager, Police Office; Mangeshwar Rama Krishna Rao, Rangappa Bhandari, Adige Sreenivasa Rao, Mijar Ganesh Pai, Naimpilli Sreenivasa Rao, and Kudumul Ranga Rao. Several ladies belonging to respectable Brahmin families graced the occasion with their presence. The marriage was solemnised according to Theistic rites, Mr. Ragunathayya officiating as minister and was registered under Act 3 of 1872. The minister's charge to the couple was impressive and highly edifying. He spoke on the importance of the step taken by the couple and complimented them as the first inaugurators of a much needed reform. *Striyachara*, including *arati*, followed by the sprinking of rose water and distribution of sweetmeats, flowers, etc., closed the function; and the guests dispersed after congratulating the couple.

We deeply regret to record the news of the death of the wife of Mr. Bhagwandas Madhavdas, son of the late Mr. Madhavdas Raghoonathdas, one of the pioneers of the widow remarriage movement in Bombay. Mrs. Bhagwandas had all the sweet gentleness of a Hindu lady and was the assiduous helpmeet of her worthy husband in his social and philanthropic activities. Her death comes as a severe blow to him and to his old mother who is herself not in the best of health. The family is widely known in social reform circles, and the deepest sympathy of a large number of friends in all parts of the country will be with it in its sad and cruel bereavement.

Death-rate of Indian Women.—A fact which should plead with Indians for an amelioration of the conditions under which the lives of their women are led is that the average death-rate is considerably higher among women than among men, in spite of the fact that men are so much more exposed to the risk of death by injury or accident. In Karachi, says the "Sind Gazette," in the last official year the death-rate per thousand for men was 56·48 whereas among women it was 62·09, and the figures for the past five years show a higher average among women than among men for each year. The difference is further emphasised by the fact that mortality is lower among Parsis and Christians whose women live under more satisfactory conditions than those of Mahomedans and Hindus.

The total number of deaths in Karachi for the year was 6,394 or a rate per mille of 5,887, while the birth-rate was only 5368. Mortality is highest among the general population in childhood and in the age group of 60 and upwards but among females up to the age of 44. The infant mortality amounted to 278 deaths per mille, being highest in the Bunder Market and Old Town Quarters. The mean birth-rate for the last five years is 48·93 per mille and the mean mortality 60·83. Plague is responsible for over one-third of the deaths.

Lady Aitchison Hospital.—We learn that a few days since a small board bearing the following inscription has been placed near the Lady Aitchison Hospital, Lahore: 'The Hospital remains open from 8 to 11 A.M. every day, except on Sundays, and annas 2 will be charged from any patient for the first ticket." One fails to think that any good reason exists for these innovations. The Hospital formerly used to remain open, like all other hospitals, every day. Now no female ought to fall ill on a Sunday, and if she does fall ill, she will not be admitted to the hospital. Such a change may serve the convenience of the employés, but it is not humanity. Again, the charge of two annas, though not heavy, cannot but tell on the poor, and it is the poor who mostly resort to the hospital. Such niggardliness is unworthy of an institution which has hitherto benefited thousands of patients. We draw the earnest attention of the authorities to these unwelcome innovations, and hope that the *status quo* will be resumed before long.

Baba Bharti, through his newly-started organ the *Light of India*, gives his impressions about woman in East and in West:—

"After five years' stay and study of men and manners in the west I have arrived at the unavoidable conclusion that woman, east or west, is the same in inherent qualities of real womanhood. Woman is essentially spiritual. Spirituality is her cardinal

quality and this cardinal quality no force in the world can destroy. An unspiritual-seeming woman is of man's making, for women are what men make them. Wife and home are synonymous terms in India. The Sanskrit word 'griha' means both wife and home. The word 'Woman' in English is the corruption of the word 'wife-man.' There is no wife without a home and ought to be no home without a wife."

THE MAHARANI COLLEGE.—Sow. Rukmini Ammal, the daughter of Mr. S. Venkatavaradan Iyengar, our District Judge, passed the Matriculation Examination held in December last. She has the good fortune of having a very intelligent and highly educated husband who is now studying in the B. L. class of the Law College, Madras. Miss A. Allen who passed the recent F. A. Examination is also a student of this College.

News and Notes.

A new appointment has been created in the Education Department of the United Provinces. Miss C. Barton West has been appointed Inspectress of Schools in the Indian Educational Service. Miss West is a Graduate of the Cambridge University and passed the Mathematic Tripos with honours. She was Mistress of Pedagogy in London.

—Mrs. Hester Dorsey Richardson has been appointed by Governor Warfield to be the official historian of the State of Maryland at the Jamestown Exposition. Mrs. Richardson is a genealogist of considerable note and it is believed that she will be able to, as the Governor said in his appointment, "put in shape such historic facts and documents as will redound to the glory of Maryland." The *Woman's Tribune* would like to see Mrs. Eva Emery Dye appointed to the same position for Oregon by Governor Chamberlain.

—Miss Irene Strawbridge, daughter of a doctor in Menominee, Mich., saved the life of a station agent who had been struck by a train at Boerne, Tex., the other day. Miss Strawbridge found the man had a severed artery and a fractured skull. Rolling up her sleeves, she began a fight against death, using a small medical kit that she carried in her baggage, and she had the man out of danger when physicians arrived from San Antonio, ninety miles away.

—Queen Alexandra owns several fine chinchillas and Persian cats. So do Princess Alexander of Teck and Prince Maurice of Battenberg; but the real cat-fancier among the royal family is Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the only royal cattery is the one now established at Cumberland Lodge. It has curtained windows and a front door with a knocker and letter-box. The portals are surmounted by a crown and the initials "V. S. H."

—Miss Gertrude L. Brinkhaus, of Malden, Mass., has been appointed director of the Massachusetts educational and historical exhibit at the coming Jamestown Exhibition. Miss Brinkhaus was for seven years an assistant to ex-Superintendent George E. Gay of the Malden schools. At the recent St. Louis Exhibition she was an assistant to the director of the Massachusetts educational exhibit.

—Miss Beulah Chapin Hill, of Dorchester, Mass., occupies the responsible position of astronomical computer for Professor Percival Lowell, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Graduating from the physics department of the Institute in 1902 with a record scarcely ever attained by any other student in this course, she was at once recognized for her remarkable grasp of this branch of pure science. Since graduation she has particularly distinguished herself by her achievements in determining valuable data for the solution of that ever-tempting problem to astronomers, the probability of Mars being inhabited. Miss Hill is a girl in her mid-twenties. While at Tech she was prominent in Cleofan circles and took an active interest in all scientific matters.

—Another "Tech girl," Miss Lydia Gould Weld, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., is in the employ of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Construction Company. Miss Weld is considered one of the most brilliant of Technology graduates. She is the only girl who has ever graduated from the course in naval architecture, and she has the further distinction of winning honors. She worked hard, both in the lecture room and in the shops, during the severe three-year course, and at her graduation found several good offers of employment awaiting her.

—Miss Helen Leah Reed, of Radcliffe, '90, has added a sixth volume to her "Brenda" series of stories for girls. Miss Reed was the first winner of the Sargent prize for the best metrical translation of an ode from Horace, and it is said that she intends some time to prepare a volume of this poet put into English verse.

—Miss Elizabeth H. Denio, whose degrees of doctor of philosophy was won at Heidelberg University, is giving a course of lectures on German art at the University of Rochester, N. Y. Dr. Denio was professor of German and of the history of art at Wellesley College from 1876 to 1896.

—Miss Jane Addams, head of Hull House, Chicago, is bringing out through the Macmillan Company a study of the various moral substitutes for war which have been developed by social and economic influences. The title of the book is "Newer Ideals of Peace."

—MISS REEL AND THE INDIAN SCHOOLS.—The annual report of Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian schools, just issued, indicates that manual training is becoming a feature of education among Indians, and with satisfactory results and that the teaching of cooking, laundry work and other branches of domestic science occupies a permanent place in the regular courses of the schools. The beneficial results of teaching manual training are illustrated by the large number of boys who have found employment in various occupations requiring skilled hands, and the prediction made in the report is that a greater number of Indians will become self-supporting as the result of manual training methods. Indian girls trained in the work of the home will, it is hoped, meet with equally good results of their apprenticeship in the Government schools. Homes all over the country are yawning to receive any sort of help, and Indian girls, a few of whom are now in domestic service, are apt and willing in housework.

A WOMAN INVENTOR. At the recent exhibition of the latest devices for airships, held at the Grand Central Palace in New York, Miss E. L. Todd of Washington, D. C., had on view a little model which attracted much interest and praise. Captain William Baldwin himself predicated

that she would work out a great success. Miss Todd's grandfather was among the first men in America to take out patents. He invented the modern carriage-wheel and many other conveniences of life. Miss Todd herself, though giving most of her time to the routine of a secretary's position, has for years been working at various inventions. While acting as secretary for Mrs. Daniel Manning, president of the Board of Lady Managers at the World's Fair in St. Louis, she grew interested in the experiments of Roy Knabenshue and Captain Baldwin with their airships. Soon she was working away at a little model of a brand new kind, and a few days before the opening of the Aeronaut's show she was asked to exhibit.

In connection with her work as translator, Miss Anna Gulbenson, of the New England Woman's Press Association, has made a special study of Swedish literature, and has prepared a lecture upon "Swedish Folk Lore." Twelve women writers constitute the "Consolation Club," of Buffalo, N Y., ten of whom collaborated in writing ' "The Misfit Christmas Pudding." Mrs. Elizabeth Flint Wade wrote the plot of the story, divided it into episodes, and assigned the parts to the members. The result is one of the most readable holiday books of the season. Mrs. Wade was the associate editor of Harper's Round Table for eight years, and is now the associate editor of the Photo Era, of Boston.

A girl's bravery. On the closing day of the term for the Christmas vacation, the president of the Moravian Seminary, where Miriam, the eldest daughter of Rachel Foster Avery, is attending school, called her to the platform at chapel and in the presence of the whole school, presented her with a ten dollar gold piece as an expression of appreciation of her remarkable courage and presence of mind in arousing the teachers and students on the night of the recent fire in the dormitory.

Miss Avery's sleeping room was directly over the dining hall where the fire originated. She quietly went to the apartment of the teachers, where, failing to arouse them by calling, with great presence of mind she turned on the electric lights, instantly awakening them. She then walked through the halls calling the students so calmly that there was no excitement, no panic, nor accident of any kind.

The training of a woman suffrage tends to develop level rather than light headedness in times of danger.—*Progress.*

Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the "Very Old Lady Bountiful" of England, who has just died at the age of 92, spent in charities more than 5,000,000 of the fortune left by her father, and was universally beloved. It is said that her attention was first directed to philanthropic work by Charles Dickens. Among her earliest ventures was the building of 300 model homes in the tenement district of London, where nests of thieves had been wont to make head quarters. Following this Columbia Square and Columbia Market were transformed from breeding spots of disease and crime to healthful places. Since that time her benefactions, religious, industrial and charitable, have been almost numberless. She was a liberal patron of art, science and literature. She held the freedom of London, the first time that it had been conferred upon a woman, and she held a like honour from the city of Edinburgh. At the age of 68 she married Ashmead Bartlett, a young American. Thie young man, who married a rich woman old enough to be his grandmother, and took her name, afterwards went into Parliament, where he always opposed the granting of the ballot to women.

—Lulu B. Russell has been appointed mail-carrier of the rural free delivery route of the little town of Mutual, Oklahoma, and Miss Hattie Russell, her sister, has been appointed her substitute. The route is a hard one in winter, but the young women have given satisfactory assurance to the Post-Office Department that it will be covered every day.

—Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman contributes to the first number of the new Times Magazine the opening chapters of a serial called "A Woman's Utopia." Morgan G. Street, a young multi millionaire who cares chiefly for languages and travel, falls in love with Hope-Cartwright, a girl much interested in social betterment As he cannot get her to go with him to the theatre, he falls into the habit of going with her to a club of social reformers. One evening when he is to address the club, he proposes to Hope on the doorstep, is refused (on account of the difference in their ideals), and begins his speech in a very bad temper. He tells the members of the club that their hopes of bettering the world are all moonshine: that the world has always been about the same, and always will be. He adds that he has twenty-five million dollars; that he is going to travel for twenty years; that he will take along a million for travelling expenses, put four millions at interest to live on when he gets home, and give them the remaining twenty millions to experiment with, under Hope's direction. After twenty years he proposes to come home and crow over them, being quite sure he shall find the world much as he left it. Hope promises him that he shall find great changes, and shall get back his twenty millions as well; the interest will be enough. After twenty years of travel, during which he has refused to hear or read anything about America, he sails up New York harbor. He is surprised to see that no black pall of smoke hangs over the city, and that the water of the harbor is a good deal clearer than when he left. He finds the streets much cleaner, owing to the substitution of motor electrics for horse-power, and the noise greatly lessened by a general adoption of rubber tires. What other discoveries he makes remain to be shown in future chapters.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for February, 1907.

		RS.	A.
1.	P. Aiyappan Pillay, Esq., Trevandrum ...	4	0
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